

# LIFE



THE CASE OF THE 'MISSING' BEATLE

## Paul is still with us

Paul and  
his family  
last week  
in Scotland

NOVEMBER 7 • 1969 • 40¢

The 1970 Marquis.  
The medium-priced car with the most dramatic styling  
since the Continental Mark III.

From its majestic grille to its emerald-cut taillights, the new Marquis has a dramatic elegance that only the men who make the Continental Mark III could create. It is without question the most dramatically styled automobile in the medium-priced field. The 1970 Marquis Brougham shown offers as standard many features

that are available only as extra-cost options on most cars: concealed headlights, a 429 cubic inch V-8, and Select-Shift transmission which lets you shift automatically or manually, driver's choice. Marquis comes in a choice of 9 distinguished models including sedans, hardtops, a convertible and two station wagons.



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We disgorge a million tons a day and still nobody knows what to do with it. Photographed by Ralph Crane

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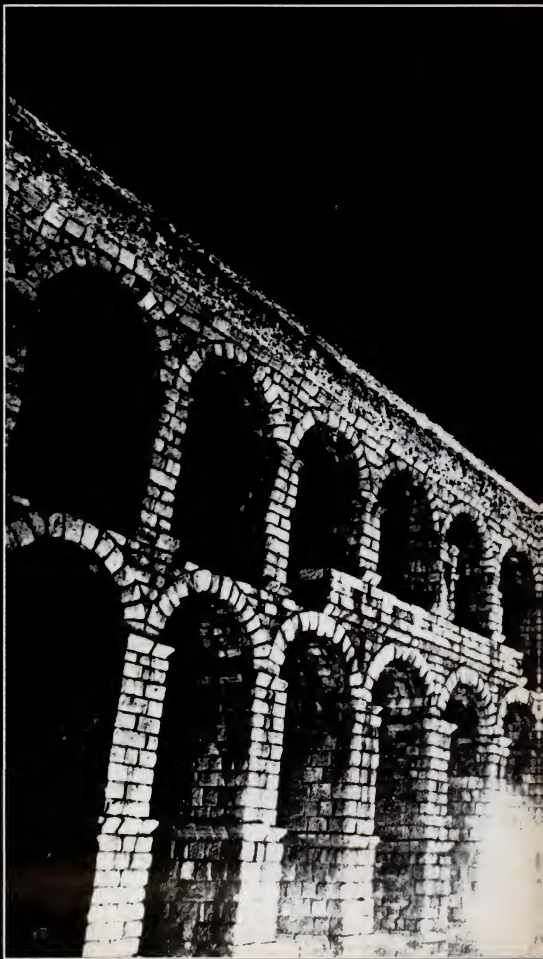
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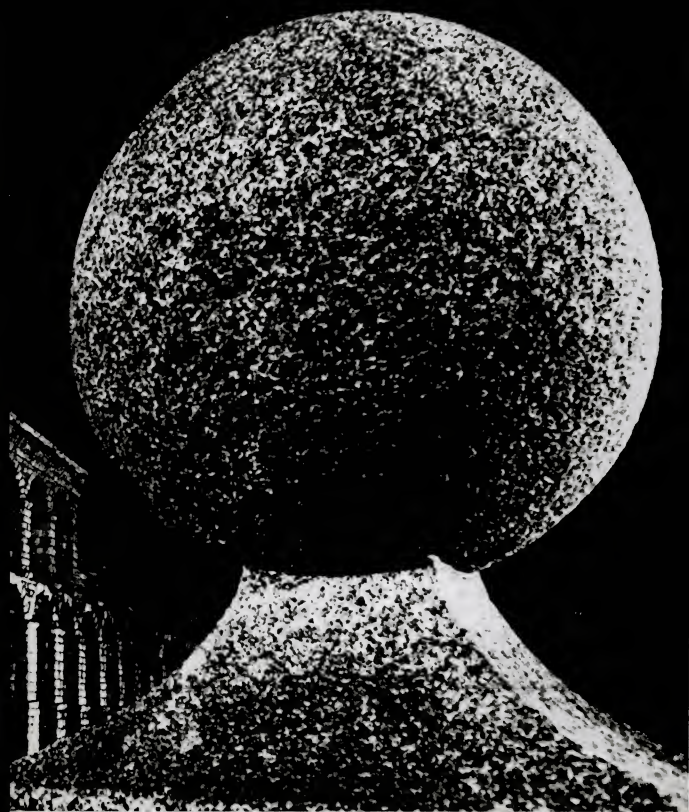
## GALLERY

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When he was 22, Ikko Narahara visited the ancient Japanese city of Nara and was so moved by the timeless shrines and Buddhist temples that he decided to abandon a legal career and study esthetics. Now 37, he is an acclaimed fashion photographer, working with the dazzling and the new. Yet timelessness still intrigues him and between fashion assignments he seeks out scenes that endure. This Roman aqueduct in Segovia, Spain—shown here at night with a spherical stone that adorns the plaza below—had stood unchanged for 20 centuries and struck Narahara as one of those rare places “where time has stopped.”







## In Hollywood, the dead keep right on dying

"You wouldn't believe how weird these people were," the detective said, not for the first time. We were talking about the most dreadful murder in Los Angeles memory, but the detective's fascination for the lives the victims had led kept intruding on his interest in the case. Our lunch grew cold as we talked, staring out the windows of the police cafeteria.

The murder was still etched across every conversation three months after the event, with the killers still at large to make nightmares for the city. Yet the police seemed to take a strangely philosophic tone, as though the feeling that the victims were not like the people next door had put a few nicks in their keen edge of indignation. The detective, in fact, could almost find a parable for law and order in the killings: "If you live like that, what do you expect?" Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring, Abigail Folger, Voityek Frokowski—these were not people, these were *weird people*.

They were weird because they used drugs and "messed around with sex," weird in all the fashionable ways, weird as in the new movies. Their circle may have been friendly enough to protect them in their lifetimes, but now, in their posthumous notoriety, rumor had revealed them to all as connoisseurs of depravity, figures torn from a life that was pure De Sade, with Videotape machines in the bedrooms.

In respect for the dead, and for Roman Polanski, Sharon's husband, it should be said that the truth is disappointing—that their wild dope parties usually ran to endless evenings spent boring each other into such a reach of mindlessness that it would finally seem a brilliant idea to watch the test pattern on color TV. By the standards of modern Hollywood, they were only a step or two faster than the horde, predictably loose, predictably stoned, too afflicted with money and success to be dedicated degenerates, let alone retrospective heroes in the suicidal-romantic tradition.

But the truth in such affairs is only so many entries in a detective's notebook. What counts is the folklore, the expanded, popular version that everyone believes. The victims could have been any kind of moral vagabonds, but in fractured, menaced Hollywood, people can think of any number of good reasons for killing whatever they were.

Everyone sees the murders in his own light. Every story casts an interchangeable demon into the same blank scenario. Speed freaks or fags or Mafia contract men or black terrorists or witchcraft nuts or vigilante rednecks enter the house, do the job, slip away. The same abject details are cited again and again, always proving something different, until one collects an impression of the victims murdered again and again by relays of fresh marauders.

The most persistent theory describes the crime as an act of revenge for a sexual humiliation, a homosexual misunderstanding driven to the extreme erotic conclusion. Since all rumors have the same validity as projections of one's own fears or hates, there is no good reason to believe this account over any other. Yet something about it appeals to the popular imagination, and it still holds sway, even now that the coroner has revealed that the bodies showed no signs of torture or sexual mutilation, as was widely reported at first.

The rumors read like a graph of community paranoia. Every story promotes the murders into assassinations, crimes of logical consequence in which some vision of the victims' way of living makes them accomplices in their own deaths. It is as if no one is satisfied with the crime until it can be perceived as a political act—the murder of a life style.

One soon learns to recognize an entire social attitude from speculations on the murders. Those with positive knowledge that the blacks did it are those who feel most threatened by the blacks. Those who identify most closely

with the victims' way of life tend to see the hand of fascist America, snuffing out its young. Each new rumor works within its own vortex of fear, swirling around in uncollected fragments until it finally winds up proving, one way or another, that the jig is up for us all.

The sense of the apocalypse has always flourished in Hollywood, but these killings and their reverberations have made it more palpable than ever. So many anxieties have emerged from so many different directions that one feels the chill of alien cliques shutting in upon themselves. Nightfall on that random, smoking landscape can bring on a vivid impression of guarded bonfires burning against the hostile dark. The price of an attack dog has reached \$1,500; in the chit-chat columns, celebrities brag about their bodyguards.

Absorbing all this talk stills the visitor's emotions, creating an all-horror composure that leaves him standing there politely with a drink in his hand, talking to bodies blessed with the gift of speech, while death rattles and agonies float through the ears unwinged.

The police are still on the case, of course. Their task force of 19 detectives is the biggest one assembled since Bobby Kennedy was shot. Occasionally, there will be some new word from headquarters, such as the recent announcement that a careful analysis of a pair of eyeglasses found at the scene suggests that one of the killers had a volleyball-shaped head. But the folklore has so outstripped the few little items the police have been able to add that one is left only to hope that the story will somehow find a merciful conclusion on its own.

That frail hope perhaps explains why I couldn't help but detect monstrous notes of reassurance here and there—as one night at the Factory, last year's discothèque, when I saw that the face hanging in the smoke across the table was moving its lips my way. I cupped my hand against the music and leaned close to hear. "Let's hope Roman has enough sense to sell the rights to somebody good," the face was shouting. I searched the face for some sign that it was joking. But no. The face was serious, sincere.



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## Counter Culture: Cop-out...

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE  
by THEODORE ROSZAK  
(Doubleday & Co., Inc.) \$7.95

In a case anyone still doubted it, what happened at Harvard and Woodstock proved it. Something new is happening among the young. At Harvard, after the police dragged off the student occupiers of University Hall, the student body voted to strike, thus disavowing the myth that radicals have no real support among their "same, responsible" classmates. At Woodstock, 300,000 or more students (and nonstudents) filled the wet air with the heavy sound of folk and rock, the sweet smell of pot, and earnest talk of love, peace and "our generation."

But what does it mean? Is it only the modern equivalent of goldfish swallowing or is it the murderous rebellion of a generation of young Oedipuses? Is it happening because the young are obsolete or because they are the wave of the future? Are they serious or frivolous? Are they lurlarians assailing the gates of civilization or are they our gentle redeemers? Theodore Roszak, in *The Making*

of a Counter Culture, argues that the revolt of the young is serious, important and redemptive. Roszak teaches history at California State College at Hayward, and knows whereof he speaks. Not much over 30 himself, he is for the counter culture but not quite in it, and he has written an important analysis of the revolt of the affluent young. What is new about the young today, he argues, is that they are forming "a culture so radically disaffiliated from the mainstream assumptions of our society that it scarcely looks to many as a culture at all." Although this counter culture today involves only a minority of the young, Roszak describes them as "young centaurs" who may yet save us all.

Much of Roszak's book is devoted to a careful analysis of the writers who anticipated the counter culture: Herbert Marcuse and Norman Brown, Allen Ginsberg and Alan Watts, Timothy Leary and Paul Goodman. On a few points, Roszak is critical of them: for example, he warns against Timothy Leary's advocacy of drugs as a chemical route to instant transcendence, and against the delasement of the counter culture

into light shows and rock festivals. But on most points, he agrees with them. In Roszak's view, American technocracy is coercive, it destroys men's souls as it despoils their landscape, and despite its facade of democracy and freedom it savagely manipulates its citizens.

Roszak's special demon is what he calls "objective consciousness"—a "scientific" way of experiencing the world that involves a sharp separation between objective and subjective knowledge, an alienated detachment from other people, and the mechanization of knowledge and experience. Beneath the inhumanities of modern society, Roszak locates the cure problem in the way men experience themselves, each other and the world.

Against this technocratic world view, Roszak commends his alternative of "visionary imagination." His real culture hero is the shaman, the medicine man of primitive societies. The shaman is "adept in cultivating those exotic states of awareness in which a submerged aspect of his personality seems to free itself from his surface consciousness to rove among



The counter culture at Woodstock

the hidden powers of the universe." From the shaman's vision, "there flows a symbiotic relationship between man and not-man in which there is a dignity, a gracefulness, an intelligence that powerfully challenges our own strenuous project of conquering and counterfeiting nature." Roszak's solution, then, is to counter "objective consciousness" with its romantic opposite—the subjective, the symbiotic and the organic.

There are two difficulties with this solution. The first is that Roszak interprets the rise of the counter culture as a revolution of the repressed against the System that represses

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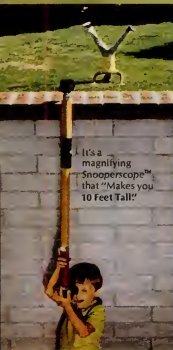
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## ...Or Wave of the Future?

them. But in fact, the revolt of the young occurs not among the most oppressed or repressed, nor among those on whose shoulders the "organizational harness" of technocracy falls most heavily. The counter culture is in fact a subculture of middle-class white youth. In contrast to them, young men and women who are trying hard to get into the System (or to make sure they stay in) don't have the time or energy for subjectivity, symbiosis and the organic—much less for shamanism. Most lăcks, *chicanos* and working-class youths, like the sons and daughters of the lower middle class, view the counter culture with mistrust and hatred. The youth revolt recruits only that minority of the young who are so solidly in technocratic society that they can afford to demand something more of life than security, affluence and the prospect of political power.

The counter culture arises, then, not because the young today are more repressed, but because some of them are so little repressed that they can raise their sights. Historically, the Byronic romanticism characteristic of Roszak's counter culture has arisen only among the privileged classes of prosperous societies. People who really live in organic, tribal, symbiotic and shamanistic cultures generally can't wait to escape into the world of affluence, science and technology. It is only after technology has triumphed, and only for those whose lives are gladdened by the goodies it provides, that the young can begin to look wistfully at the delights of shamanism.

While Roszak is right in noting the oppositional self-definition of the counter culture, he fails to notice that the same counter culture that rejects careerism, materialism and science is built upon, implicitly accepts and often caricatures much of the rest of American society. Specifically, the counter culture takes for granted the technology, the institutions and the economy necessary to provide its own material base—a high standard of living, psycho-chemistry, cars, films, electronics, an enormously prolonged education, and so on.

The second difficulty with Roszak's subjective conclusions is that he defines the core problem in American society as a problem of consciousness, and therefore finds his basic solution in expanding consciousness, so as to include everything embodied by the shaman. However radical this analysis may be philosophically, it is essentially anti-political. Indeed, if I were President Nixon, eager to cool youthful protest, I would urge my radical opponents to accept Roszak's view that "objective consciousness" is the core problem, and that a return

to shamanism is the way out. Most young people would probably be too sensible to believe me. But those who did—the hard few—would be likely to take off for the mountains to cultivate their visionary imagination, to develop unalienated ways of relating to each other, and to have symbiotic encounters with nature. Some of their activities might even turn out to be commercially exploitable. Record companies could make money from their protest songs, advertisers could use their psychedelic art, and fashion designers could make shamanistic dress the new vogue once miniskirts and bellbottoms have passed. Most convenient of all, the dissenting young would concentrate themselves in camps isolated in the mountains or in enclaves around college campuses. They could easily be kept there with a small police force, a few trained dogs and a little tear gas.

Furthermore, the definition of the problem as a kind of "false consciousness," and a search for a solution in a different kind of consciousness, runs the risk of simply caricaturing a deep privation in American culture that seeks salvation solely in inner life or personal relationships. The counter culture may replace the barbershop with the hippie pad, family togetherness with the encounter group, and the suburban coffee hour with the commune, but the focus is still on the private world instead of on the social and political scene where it should be. Roszak doesn't want this to happen, but his recommendations make it more likely, because the energies devoted to cultivating the "visionary imagination" will be diverted away from stopping the war in Vietnam, making our cities livable, ending racism, eliminating poverty and above all helping the Third World.

Roszak identifies many aspects of the counter culture brilliantly, but he fails to see how deeply it is itself implicated in technocracy, and that as long as it remains totally defined by opposition, it must remain a thin, small and vulnerable subculture. In a technological age, it is not enough to refuse technology, because those who command its enormous powers (the powers of "objective consciousness") will always have the upper hand. Technocracy cannot simply be rejected, it must be humanized. "Objective consciousness" cannot simply be refused, it must be incorporated into a world view that also includes the visionary imagination. If American technocracy is the thesis, Roszak admirably defines the antithesis. We still await the synthesis.

Mr. Keniston teaches psychiatry at Yale Medical School. He wrote *The Uncommitted* and *Young Radicals*.

by Kenneth Keniston

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## Elvira with a Difference

ADALEN '31

Commercially, the question is this: will the huge American audience that made *Elvira Madigan* one of the mightiest hits ever to play the art houses come out in similar numbers to see a really good, but much more complex, much less romantic, movie by its gifted director, Bo Widerberg?

His new effort, *Adalen '31*, shares two of the qualities that distinguished its predecessor: its photography is extraordinarily beautiful, and the fact that it will end in tragedy is known right from the beginning, when a title announces that it is based on an incident that occurred in the Swedish town named in the title. There, in 1931, five people were killed when soldiers fired on workers peacefully marching to protest the importation of scab labor to break a strike.

But where *Elvira* was a dully developed, dramatically unaccented trip down a path too straight and obvious to be interesting, *Adalen '31*

leaps with life and with a marvelous variety of incident. With quick, deft strokes Widerberg captures microcosmically one of those rare historical moments when the forces of change are harshly outlined against a background of immutable tradition.

He states the conflict in his opening shots—the silent, gloomy factory towering over a sun-splashed landscape that is still rural. He develops it by introducing us to a family that has nothing but its decent instincts to guide its response to the strike, which is, of course, merely the local manifestation of a worldwide upheaval. Those instincts, as Widerberg wrenchingly proves, are not good enough to protect them.

Only the youngest child, fascinated by the wondrous trivia of existence—her father's morning shave, her mother doing the laundry, a fishing trip—is somehow safe from chaos. One brother, slightly older, is entranced by the potentialities of modern times. He joins his gang in manufacturing wings, hoping that they may be able to flap into flight from a barn roof, and is the first to pay a modest price for progress—a bad landing and a broken leg. The eldest boy swings on the new music—Dixieland—and can actually get Stockholm on his crystal set. With class



Director Bo Widerberg

lines breaking down, he is also able to enter into a love affair with a girl from the right side of the tracks, the factory manager's daughter, no less.

In their own way, the parents close the circle. The wife insists on maintaining domestic routine—her husband has a clean white shirt each morning to armor him against his workless day. As the days drag on, as his fellow strikers grow more restive and violence flares, he insists on the usefulness of negotiation and even rescues one of the scabs from a mob at considerable risk to himself. This represents innocence too, but of a kind quite different from that of his smallest child. It is willed innocence, despairingly applied against the implacable tide of history which will soon sweep him up and quite casually destroy him.

Obviously, there are analogies be-

tween Widerberg's distant Adalen and our own situation, which is equally prerevolutionary. Obviously, too, there will be radicalized viewers of the film who will find its sheer beauty and nostalgic air excessively sentimental. But it seems to me that distance lends understanding to the subject. There is no question about which side engages Widerberg's sympathy. He merely suggests, in a low and reasonable voice, that though something was gained in that struggle—and in all the labor struggles of the 1930s—something was lost as well, had perhaps been lost before they began, when the whole world acquiesced in industrialization. What was lost was not merely innocence. There was a pace and a texture in the life of that little town that was proportioned to the size and capacities of ordinary people. The picture ends with the eldest son in mourning for his father, but resisting an appeal for full-scale revolution, insisting instead on the need to fully understand what happened in Adalen, '31. It is no cop-out. It is, indeed, subtle and intelligent of Widerberg to insist on this point, for it is what transforms his movie from mere ideology into humane and affecting art.

by Richard Schickel

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## LIFE COMMENT

### The Unhappy Lot of a One-Plot Author

*Editors' Note: For some years now Calvin Trillin has chronicled, in The New Yorker, the frustrating annals of one Barnett Frummer. Frummer is an earnest nebbish who, try as he will, can never quite keep up with his hip, super-ovant-gorde girl friend Rosalie Mondle (no sooner has Barnett mastered rock than Rosalie is into Zen). Last week his adventures appeared in a book, Barnett Frummer Is an Unbloomed Flower (Viking). Since it is an uncommonly funny book, LIFE assigned a reporter to interview the author, but because of a broken bicycle sprocket the reporter couldn't get there. Mr. Trillin obligingly interviewed himself.*

Like anyone who has a book of his own appear, I've been reading those interviews literary critics always conduct with important authors whose books are just out (Did Philip Roth think of Portnoy as Jewish? Had Katherine Anne Porter any previous interest in ships?), and I'm becoming increasingly worried about what I'm going to say if some literary critic asks me why all of the stories in my book have the same plot. I know he'll insist on some dark literary reason for my being a monoplottist but the truth is that I only know one plot. Like everyone else, I learned in college that there are actually only three basic plots in literature. I have never been able to think of either one of the other two. I wanted to warn the readers on the book jacket ("Particularly alert readers may notice that all of the stories in this book have the same plot . . ."), but the publishers thought it would be unbefitting.

The life of a nonliterary writer in this country is not easy. For instance, the character of Barnett Frummer, the book's hero, is not encumbered by the kind of unbridled character development that might involve readers in idle speculation about what accounts for the infatuation that leads him to do anything he believes will impress Rosalie Mondle. (There you have it: my plot.) He may consider her physically attractive, but there is no way to tell if she is or isn't; I don't do descriptions. But I know that whoever interviews me will demand to know what drives Barnett—as if he were some real person instead of something I invented to mornth a few lines I had been saving up. I have already been asked whether the character of Lemuel Scroggins, the Southern Populist poet, was based on the late Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. (Not that I know of.)

I'm equally pessimistic about the chances of convincing a literary critic that nonliterary writers—sometimes known as the Kansas City School, after my birthplace—can have a legitimate belief in not setting any scenes. We simply don't believe in long passages about cold wind whipping along still streets or about tingling excitement being in the air—what my old English teacher in Kansas City used to call "weather reports." We include no descriptions of countries or cities or houses or rooms; he always dismissed those as "geography lessons." Most of my stories take place in New York, as far as I know. For those readers who might feel the need to know a little something about what the New York weather is usually like and what New York ordinarily looks like, I wanted to say on the book jacket 1) awful, and 2) ugly. The publishers thought that would be unbefitting too.

My fear that literary critics will insist on treating my stories the same way they treat stories that are tangled in character development and bloated with meaning is partly based on a discussion I have already had with an academic critic, a cousin of my wife who has returned to graduate school after losing quite a lot of money in the potato chip business. He started off by informing me that the title of his doctorate is "Is Barnett Frummer Everman?"

I noticed right away that Rosalie Mondle and Roland Magruder, Frummer's friend and mentor, have the same initials," he said.

"Oh, you caught that, did you?" I said, wondering whether admitting that I had never caught it myself would drive him to another fling at the potato chip business, and another request to his relatives for capital.

"What does Roland Magruder stand for?" he asked. "Rosalie Mondle is obvious. She's the symbol of all man's desires—rose of the monde, or world."

That was too much. "She was named after mandel-bread," I told him. "Mandel means almond in Yiddish. I have trouble thinking of names."

"It amounts to the same thing," he said. "Hard nut to crack, and all."

If I thought any literary critic would discuss the methods of the Kansas City School without resorting to that kind of nonsense, I would be happy to admit to him that we don't claim to have found the final answer.

CONTINUED

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Calvin Trillin, a nonliterary author

### CONTINUED

For instance, assuming, as the Kansas City School assumes, that the purpose of writing a short story is to provide a structure for a number of jokes that happen to be on the same subject, having only one plot at hand often limits the number of jokes that can be included. My ultimate solution would be to run the leftover jokes at the end of the story, under a heading like "Following are a number of lines that the author rather liked but was unable to work into the plot."

Frankly, even that device would not solve the problem presented by thinking of too few jokes on a subject rather than too many—one, for instance. As it happens, I don't think of many puns or wordplay—a about one every four or five years, as close as I've been able to calculate—and when I do think of one my response is invariably to try to write a story around it. This presents the same kind of problem that writers who have other motives for writing stories—to shed some light on the human condition, perhaps, or to display a facility for metaphor—must face when they think of only one dim ray of light or only one uncomplicated metaphor.

For instance, about 12 years ago, in High Street, in New Haven, Connecticut, after being told by an ice cream vendor that his company didn't make tortoni ice cream bars, and, I should add, quite without thinking, I said, "You Good Humor people ought to get on the stick!" I suppose a lot of literary writers would have tried to work in a line like that by having a character stop for a tortoni ice cream bar on the way somewhere—hurry it in the extraneous to-ing and fro-ing that writers of the Kansas City School don't go in for. I'm told by my wife that some writers would have forgotten all about a line like that. I was faced with writing a story around one joke. Magazine editors were uniformly unimpressed with a story based on the ice cream industry, even after I compromised my belief to the extent of claiming that the story was meant to shed some light on the human condition in that industry. After 41 rejections, in fact, I had almost given up hope of getting that Good Humor joke into print. Now I realize that it will be my first answer to any literary critic who interviews me—no matter what the first question is.

by Calvin Trillin

## At a Portuguese bullfight they don't kill the bull.

In Portugal it is different. The sport is in the life of the bull, not in his death. So he leaves the ring alive.

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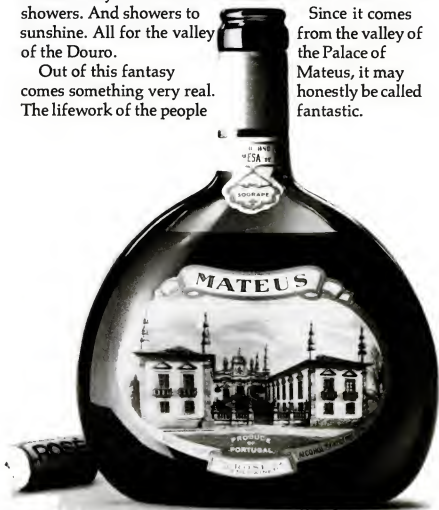
Here the mountains temper the weather from the sea. They turn storms to showers. And showers to sunshine. All for the valley of the Douro.

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who live there. A wine aptly named after the palace by the valley. Mateus. It is a rosé wine. Made from the red grapes of the vineyards of the palace.

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The clean scent of the surf...the freshness of ocean whitecaps: a new fragrance in famous FOAMY lather now brings the crisp aroma of wind-swept water to every man...every day...every shave.

**New Gillette FOAMY SURF-SPRAY Shaving Cream.**



"Landlubbers!  
Look for  
Foamy Menthol,  
Regular or  
Lemon-Lime...  
soon in new  
packages!"



Every year the world's best-looking, hardest-working, top-selling wagons come from Ford. 1970 is no exception.

The WagonMaster does it again. Twelve great Ford station wagons for 1970. All designed to give you the kind of smooth-riding comfort and convenience that are built into every 1970 Ford...*plus* more of the practical, hard-working, better wagon ideas that Ford has long been famous for. Choose from three series: Luxurious Ford, All-new Torino, Economical Falcon. The WagonMaster knows wagons best.



# For 1970: America's



FORD



**1970 Ford Country Squire** (above). America's favorite. Wagon version of the luxurious Ford LTD. 96.2 cu. ft. of cargo space. Big 351 CID V-8. Hideaway Headlamps. 3-way Magic Doorgate (opens down like a tailgate or out like a door—window up or down). All standard. Vinyl roof optional. Also available as an 8-passenger model with dual-facing rear seats.

**1970 Torino Squire** (left). Like all Torinos, longer, lower and wider for 1970. With over 85 cubic feet of cargo space. Room for six people—with an optional rear-facing seat allowing room for two more. 2-way Magic Doorgate and 302 CID V-8 are standard. Ford gives you better ideas... it's the Going Thing.

# Most Welcome Wagons.

# From Westclox. A new kind of alarm clock that wakes you up.

## Without making a sound.

Meet the Moonbeam. The first and only alarm clock that wakes you with a flashing light. It wakes you gently, without jarring you. But it wakes you as surely as the sun comes up in the morning.

What's more, it wakes *you*, without waking everybody else in the house.

The only way you can beat the Moonbeam is by not setting it at night. Burying your face in the

pillow won't work. The Moonbeam will find you anyway—with an audible sound ten minutes later.

The Moonbeam. \$11.95. One of more than 200 different kinds of clocks by Westclox. A Division of General Time.



ALL PRICES ARE MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES.



# THE RUM RUNNER. WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO DROWN RUM IN FRUIT JUICE?

It's a new drink that makes the taste of a great rum come through. The Rum Runner. Don Q® Rum, a splash of soda, and a squeeze of lime. It's as smooth

as a sneak across the Bay with your engines cut and cool like the spray that hits you when you open her up wide. But if you want the real thing you have to

mention our name, Don Q. It's the biggest selling rum in Puerto Rico where people drink rum because they like its taste. Got it? Don Q.



*"My parents say  
Creative Playthings designs  
its toys to expand the sensory,  
motor, and perceptual skills;  
to extend a child's horizons  
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size, shape and distance.  
Not to mention pattern learning  
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*"I wish you hadn't told me that."*

We'd be a lot happier, too, if you didn't tell your children about our serious approach to toys. The less said the better about the experts in child development who help design our toys. Or the 45,000 schools who have our toys. Or that the toys that are the most interesting and fun are toys designed to stimulate imaginations.

Come into our store. Or call the special free number below to find other stores nearer you that handle our toys. If you'd rather shop at home, call the same number or write for our Free Catalog. You can open a mail-order credit account, too.

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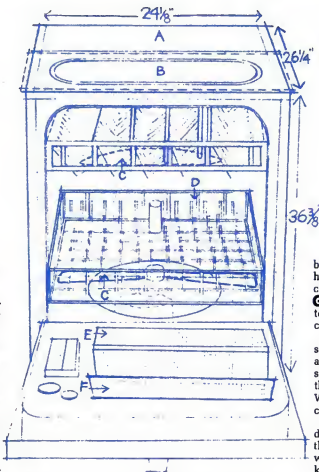
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# To all Whirlpool competitors: We've got a new dishwasher you'll want to copy. To make sure you do it right we're drawing you a diagram.



**A.** You know your counter-top sitting there taking up all that space? Well, do something with it.

Use the back part as a food warmer. It's easy to build it right into the machine. How come you never thought of doing it?

**B.** Use the front part as a reversible cutting board. One side is for chopping and carving. And the other side is just for show.

Don't be cheap with the wood. Use solid maple only.

**C.** If your customers write you nasty letters about having to wash their dishes before they put them into your dishwasher, here's why.

You've got to use two (not one) full-size revolving spray arms. Otherwise your machine may only be doing half a cleaning job.

**D.** Get rid of your clunky silverware basket. And look at all the extra room you'll have in your loading rack.

**E.** This is what your old, clunky silverware basket should look like. Streamlined, removable and built right into the door. With a separate compartment for every piece in a place setting.

**F.** Did you ever think how many women have innocently reached into your lower rack only to get

bitten by a giant meat fork? Well, we have. That's why we've built a separate cutlery tray into the door.

**G.** (See photo below.) If you're going to put a bunch of buttons on your panel control, make sure they work.

The Super Wash button should be super enough to wash sticky eggs off a frying pan. The Crystal China button should wash things that go pi-nn-nn-g. Without going c-rrr-unch.

If you put in ten different buttons that don't honestly work, who are you kidding?

For more details on how to copy our dishwasher, write to: Kitchen Products Department, Whirlpool Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.



**Whirlpool**

# "My bags were actually there waiting for me."

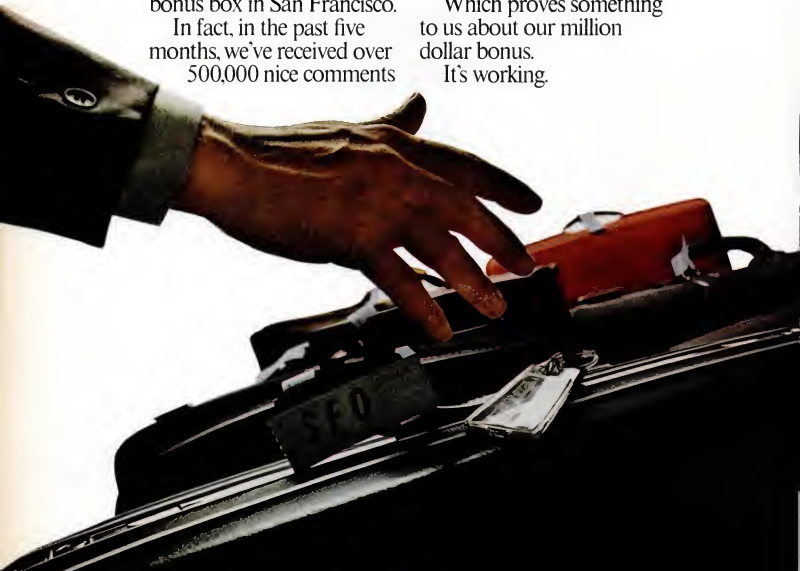
That's what we found on the back of a ballot in the bonus box in San Francisco.

In fact, in the past five months, we've received over 500,000 nice comments

like this from passengers all over the world.

Which proves something to us about our million dollar bonus.

It's working.



**TWA.**  
**Our million dollar bonus.**  
**It's working.**

# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## REVOLUTION

**Sirs:** In your primer on the modern style of revolution ("Out of the East, the People's War," Oct. 17), why did you omit PHASE 5: liquidation of all opponents, prison for dissidents, loss of all freedoms and rights except the one to starve, tyranny?

Miami, Fla. RAFAEL G. MARTIN

**Sirs:** Mao was not the inventor of euc-

tiful ("Black Models Take Center Stage," Oct. 17).

Robbins, Ill. ANITA WILLIAMS

**Sirs:** Black may be beautiful to you. Everyone is entitled to their opinion. My opinion is that it is not right for me to have to see a black in practically every commercial, every TV script (last evening a Negro Indian chief) and magazine advertisement.

Miami, Fla. FRED L. DORSET

**Sirs:** I find it ironic that whites complain about seeing so many black faces in magazines and on TV. Blacks are still a tiny minority compared to white models. Those resolute whites should realize now how blacks have felt seeing nothing but white faces in years past.

Des Moines, Iowa PEGGY SPATES

**Sirs:** You mention a new, all-black agency, Black Beauty, and the Ford Model Agency, "one of the most prestigious," yet you fail to mention the Wilhelmina Model Agency, which not only provided your cover model, Naomi Sims, but was the pioneer of and the major influence in Miss Sims' successful career.

Executive Vice President  
Wilhelmina Model Agency  
New York, N.Y.

## THE METS

**Sirs:** In "What Really Happened When a Very Nice Team from Atlanta Encountered a Force Known as the New York Mets" (Oct. 17), you made some ridiculous statements about Atlanta fans. Not only was Atlanta Stadium filled, but standing room tickets were sold both days. Meanwhile two miles away Georgia Tech played before 54,000 on Saturday and the Falcons were \$8,000 on Sunday. Furthermore, we were more interested in the game than in making fools of ourselves for NBC. As for our love of the Braves, where were you clowns when they won the Western Division title?

Atlanta, Ga. C. EVANS

**Sirs:** Why couldn't the pros find a natural explanation for *Mel's* supremacy? Like fine wine, the best Camembert and good steak, the Mets just needed Ageing!

MARILYN CHERNAUSKAS  
Waterbury, Conn.

**Sirs:** You state that baseball finally had an exciting year because of the Mets. Well,

I had an exciting baseball season and it was because of the Cubs, not the Mets.  
JAN McCLEURE  
Belleville, Ill.

**Sirs:** My son Timothy Reynolds has asked me to provide you with his thoughts concerning his picture [see below]. They are:

Your photographer selected a most inopportune time to photograph him (he says), i.e., "Dad, J. C. Martin had just hit a double with the bases loaded off our best pitcher." Thus, he assures me that his asserted lack of interest was only temporary, if not understandable.

I share Timmy's view that the Mets beat the Braves this year and that there are no alibis. However, time has a way of correcting injustice, and all of us look forward to a return visit from your photographer next fall during the World Series in Atlanta.

THOMAS A. REYNOLDS JR.  
Chairman, Executive Committee  
Atlanta Braves, Inc.  
Chicago, Ill.



## MUSIC REVIEW

**Sirs:** Alas, Mr. Goldman, that your were not allotted five pages for your review of *The Who's Tommy* ("A Grand Opera in Rock," Oct. 17). An innovative work of such power demands at least as much. Perhaps your article will convince a few of the close-minded fools of the world that not all rock is "cat-erwauling," "unintelligible" and/or "uncreative."

Santa Clara, Calif. B. D. COLWELL

**Sirs:** Mr. Goldman asserts that John Lennon retreated from some sort of challenge to create a rock opera. It seems to be lost on Mr. Goldman that John Lennon has learned from the false pretentiousness of *Sgt. Pepper* and returned to the basic true energy of rock and roll, its greatest power source and most genuine abode: Goldman prefers the artificiality of *Tommy*. He refers to energy. It is the kind of sterile, fruitless energy that people expend putting their shoulders to a wall.

CHARLES LAYTON  
New York, N.Y.

## MOVIE REVIEW

**Sirs:** As movie buff and mother of four daughters, my hackles rise at the wishy-washy wisdom of your *Coming Apart* reviewer, Richard Schickel ("Cracking Up on Candid Camera," Oct. 17). More Richard Schickel is he who views such pornographic tripe and solemnly concludes it "does have a morally instructive dimension" and "for me it has the effect of art, and very troubling art at that." Does troubled Schickel tremble that he might be labeled a bigoted Establishment prude if he boldly came out and wrote "Director Milton Moses Ginsberg is a dirty old man!"  
BARBARA VETTERLIN  
Tucson, Ariz.

## GREEN BERETS

**Sirs:** Regarding Ambassador Goldberg's concern over the silence from America's leaders and spokesmen in the aftermath of the Green Beret caper (Custer Privilege, Oct. 17), let me say this: From where I live and work we are far too busy at ecumenical boogieing and institutional refinement to even take note of such secondary matters as the moral and ethical issues involved in personal and public life today.

PASTOR  
First Congregational Church  
Rootstown, Ohio

**Sirs:** Arthur Goldberg states that his article should not be taken as a judgment upon the facts of the case. But his whole article is based on the assumption that the eight Special Forces soldiers are indeed guilty.

The point that Mr. Goldberg misses in the public reaction is that it is not a breakdown of national morality, it is a public anger at our military and national leaders' disregard of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, of even justice in the loosest sense of the word, for "political expediency." Why were these men confined under intolerable conditions without charges being brought against them? Why were they not brought to a speedy and fair trial?  
CAPTAIN ERIC A. HONG, USAF  
APO, New York

## JACKIE'S JUDO CAPER

**Sirs:** You have got to be kidding. I mean really kidding. With all the problems facing this nation and world, I should concern myself with whether or not Jackie flipped a peach (Oct. 17)?  
RACHELLE MOORE  
Endicott, N.Y.

**Sirs:** I say if she didn't, she should have, and if she did, good for her!  
LOUIS HILL  
Priest Lake, Idaho

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. WILLIAM TAKACS

**Sirs:** About that picture of "club-swinging police move in on students and faculty members . . . at Princeton University in 1967." You've got to be kidding! Those are Chicago cops if I ever got kneed by one. Princeton only got girls this fall.

Boston, Mass. RICHARD HILL

► The picture was actually taken in Chicago during the 1968 Democratic Convention. The news service which supplied it to LIFE captioned it incorrectly.—ED.

## BLACK MODELS

**Sirs:** As a black person it made me very proud to see black people recognized for doing something positive and beau-

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# This winter get a Beauty Machine from Sears.



*Sears Slant Board*



*Sears Triple Action Cycle*



*Sears Beauty Jogger*



*Sears Triple Action Beauty Belt*

# Next summer get a bikini.

Why hide under a beach umbrella all next summer? Or muffle yourself in a terry-cloth tent when you're not up to your neck in water?

Give each other a Beauty Machine from Sears, Roebuck and Co., and a better looking new year.

Sears exclusive Triple-Action Belt can go to work on any problem area. Marvelous relaxer, too. Comes with three different size belts. Use two belts at a time for a doubly invigorating massage.

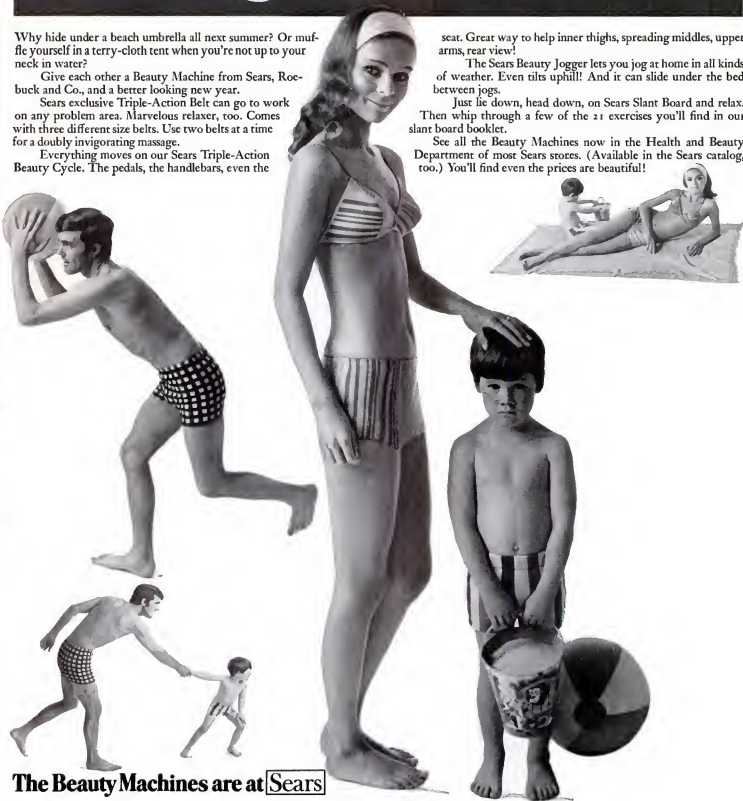
Everything moves on our Sears Triple-Action Beauty Cycle. The pedals, the handlebars, even the

seat. Great way to help inner thighs, spreading middles, upper arms, rear view!

The Sears Beauty Jogger lets you jog at home in all kinds of weather. Even tilts uphill! And it can slide under the bed between jogs.

Just lie down, head down, on Sears Slant Board and relax. Then whip through a few of the 21 exercises you'll find in our slant board booklet.

See all the Beauty Machines now in the Health and Beauty Department of most Sears stores. (Available in the Sears catalog, too.) You'll find even the prices are beautiful!



The Beauty Machines are at **Sears**

# A washday miracle.

©1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



We got a letter from a lady who put a bundle of dirty clothes in her washing machine. They were tumbled, tossed and spun. When she took them out, she found a very clean Sony radio in a shirt

pocket. It still played.

Now this is an unusual occurrence. Our radios aren't washable or waterproof. But we thought you'd like to know how well-made they are in case

you want to give someone a well-made gift.

We have all kinds. Some of them don't even look like radios. That's in case you want to give someone a well-made surprise.

## The miraculous gift radios from Sony.





# Nice neat.

Try it straight.

This way you'll immediately find out why, in a marketplace of almost infinite choice, it is definitely Soft Whiskey vs. the rest.

Calvert Extra, The Soft Whiskey

BLENDED WHISKEY - 80 PROOF - 63% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ©1989 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**LIFE**

We disgorge a million tons a day and still nobody knows

# THE GARBAGE

It is the ugly side of plenty. It comes trussed in neat parcels and crammed in battered barrels. It rides high on the decks of barges and is unloaded secretly at night from the trunks of cars. It is an enormous, odorous, constantly growing giant named garbage, and its disposal—haphazardly planned, erratically executed, increasingly expensive and controlled in part by organized crime—is a problem that threatens us all.

Each day, for each of us, collectors truck away

five pounds of food, paper, glass, metal, plastic and dozens of other wastes—183 million tons a year. Another 170 million tons are burned or dumped by factories and other producing sources. By 1980 the yearly total may rise to a half billion tons.

Twenty-five years ago, nobody really worried about garbage. It was burned at home and in dumps, thrown into the handiest body of water or fed to pigs. But as urban areas began sprawl-





what to do with it

# CAN CRISIS

ing, sanitary engineers shunted the overflow to landfill projects, carefully layering and covering each 10-foot tier of garbage with fresh dirt. Now the country is running out of fill land. Three major cities are studying plans for shipping garbage by train to distant barren areas. The cost of disposal has been rising even faster than the tide of garbage itself. Today the bill is running to \$4.5 billion a year.

Under the circumstances, nobody—with one

exception—is optimistic. The Mob, using its preferred weapons of large amounts of ready cash, union connections, bid rigging and the threat of violence, is rapidly taking over valuable refuse-collection contracts. On the assumption that they can pick up considerably more than garbage, organized criminals have already moved into such prime territory as New York's wealthy Westchester County, parts of California, northern New Jersey and Louisiana.



A Michigan man without refuse service unloads his own (above). Below, garbage barge heads from Manhattan to Staten Island.





Just pick a pretty spot  
and dump, dump, dump



Shrinking landfill areas have led to interstate garbage skirmishes and the posting of signs like the one above. A similar sign appears on the Michigan side of the state line. "Things

are so tight," says one sanitation man, "that it is not unusual for counties to post sentries at dumps to make sure people from the next county don't bootleg their garbage in."

This dump at the foot of Mt. Shasta in California was officially closed but left uncovered last spring. Local residents still bring their garbage to it. In Lansing,

Mich. (below) taxpayers won't support a regular municipal service. They either hire private collectors or haul their own, producing a traffic jam every Saturday.



# Squash it, boil it, dissect it—it's all garbage

While the garbage tide was rising, scientists were not idle. But the remedies they proposed just haven't worked very well. Giant incinerators, which many experts considered to be the solution to rapidly accumulating trash, still dispose of only 8% of this country's wastes and create even more controversy. They are expensive to operate, particularly when equipped with antipollution devices. Besides, they cannot process wastes that won't burn readily and they always leave a residue to be disposed of.

Plants for turning garbage into fertilizer have proved workable. But along with compost they produce an overpowering odor, and the fertilizer market has turned out to be as glutted as the garbage business itself. "With steer manure piled as high as the Matterhorn and free for the taking," says one Los Angeles expert, "we would have been hard pressed to make composting possible." Six of nine plants opened in the U.S. in the last 15 years have shut down or been forced into limited production. Garbage-eating bacteria have been tried out in some disposal systems. They do break down solid wastes, but they are tricky to manage and expensive.

Even more exotic ideas are being proposed. Swedish engineers have designed a garbage subway—a pneumatic-tube system that could whisk refuse out of apartments, hotels, stores and homes and deposit it at some distant dump, where it might then be compressed into crude building blocks or the glass in it ground to make a sand substitute in cement.

With disposal of certain types of garbage so difficult—tin cans and no-return glass bottles are a notorious nuisance—a more immediate solution involves cutting down on the amount of garbage produced. At Clemson University researchers are perfecting a bottle that will dissolve in water when it is broken. A half-dozen companies are working with a water-soluble protein called collagen. Tossed into a boiling pot, soup packets made of collagen dissolve almost instantly, adding protein to the soup. Someday, with plates, bottles, glasses, spoons and forks all made of collagen, anything from a picnic to a banquet could be washed up without a trace.

In Cleveland, a hydraulic pressing machine (right) squeezes garbage into solid five-pound blocks whose usefulness has not yet been determined.



Partly because it is such an unpredictable mixture of substances, garbage is virtually unsalvageable. The prototype machine above, designed at Stanford Research Institute, uses a blower to cull out usable components. Full size it could process 50 tons per hour.

Most packages end up as garbage, but the bag dissolving in hot water at right is part of the soup it contains. It is made of collagen, a protein substance developed during World War II for surgical sutures. Use of collagen containers could reduce the quantities of almost indestructible garbage manufactured by the food industry.









The superstar's  
off-season payoff

# This Pie in the Face Is All Gravy



At TV rehearsal Nancy Seaver knits while her husband sings a song

**Now available. TOM SEAVER**  
America's top athlete  
and sports personality.  
Plus—  
**NANCY SEAVER**  
Tom's lovely wife,  
for those situations  
that call for young  
Mrs. America or  
husband and wife  
sales appeal.




Authorized representative  
**MATTGO ENTERPRISES, INC.**  
435 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019  
(212) 265-3185

Tom Seaver's agents, in their zeal to sell the Met pitcher and his wife, packaged them in the advertisement above, which ran on a business page in the New York Times.

"Hi, I'm Tom Seaver of the world champion New York Mets," says the pleasant, handsome young man. "This is my first appearance actually performing on a television variety show. This could open up a whole new career for me. I wonder what my future will be like in show business?" Splatt! A banana cream pie smacks into the smiling face of the Mets' ace pitcher.

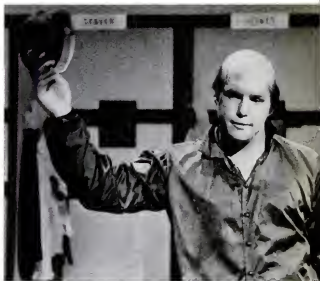
This indignity, which takes place on the *Kraft Music Hall* this week, is only the beginning of a parlay of personal appearances, endorsements and assorted other business enterprises in store for Tom Seaver, the latest all-American sports hero. The off-season looks so lucrative, in fact, that Seaver will probably need his baseball salary (\$38,000) just to pay the taxes on the expected take during the next year (\$200,000).

Every major sport produces a hero like Seaver, who quickly learns how to exploit his headlines (see next page). Seaver is unique only because his personal managers saw the potential in his pretty wife Nancy, who will travel with him this winter making her own TV appearances and product endorsements. "It's good to have the Young Married Couple image," explains co-manager Matt Merola. "She's Midwest, he's all-American. We can sell them anywhere."

Seaver hopes to profit from a short-order restaurant franchise, and at 24 he already has picked best-selling ghost-writer Dick Schaap to do his story. "A TV executive told us to 'keep Tom virginal' until we line up the big advertisers," says Merola. He is angling for a one-hour TV special next April, as well as a baseball version of Ozzie and Harriet—a weekly series built around the Seavers, with other Mets in regular walk-on roles.

Meanwhile, this week Seaver will join six of his Met teammates for a 14-day stand of aonga and akita at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. His image-makers advised him against it, but Seaver ignored them in favor of team loyalty—and an easy \$10,000.





In his appearance on the *Kraft Music Hall*, Seaver gets pie in the face twice—first wearing a tuxedo, then in uniform (left). Above, on the same show Seaver and Laugh-In's Judy Carne do a takeoff on hair-oil endorsements. Tom reluctantly agrees to endorse her company's hair preparation (top), but confides, "I don't think it will work, me 'em," and doffs his baseball hat to reveal a bald skullcap.

# The average that really counts is Dow Jones

by WILLIAM ZINSSER

Once upon a time—like four or five years ago—it would have startled people to switch on their TV sets and find the man they last saw pitching to the Orioles singing a song to his wife. It was not usual in this country for pitchers to turn into crooners at the end of the season.

Today the sight of Tom and Nancy Seaver doing a variety act in the *Kraft Music Hall* comes as a surprise to nobody. It's just another athlete cultivating his financial garden. The athlete is America's newest businessman, and there are days when a sportswriter can hardly get him to talk about his sport. Having trouble hitting left-handers this year? Sure, sure. But my pizza chain had a wonderful second quarter.

The sports fan used to suffer only through his hero's batting slumps; now he also suffers through the Wall Street slumps. There's no escaping the capitalist on our sports pages now, no turning back to the affable age when players just sat around the hot stove league swapping yarns of the diamond. Now they own a company that makes hot stoves, and the yarns that they swap are of tax shelters and stock options.

Today a fan is as familiar with the business arithmetic of Tom Seaver's life as with the pitching arithmetic. We know his won-and-lost record, his earned run average, and how much money he will make between now and spring training. Just as we know about the \$10,000 each that he and his Met teammates Jerry Koosman, Cleon Jones, Tommie Agee, Art Shamsky, Ed Kranepool and Donn Clendenon will earn for their current two-week stint in Las Vegas—not counting, of course, what Shamsky will make from his restaurant, Kranepool from his stock brokerage, and Clendenon from his vice presidency of Scripto.

To store a whole new set of figures in a brain already jammed with baseball and football statistics might seem too much of a burden for the average fan to assume. Room must be found in the memory grooves, for instance, to accommodate not only the \$10,000 that Joe Namath got for shaving off his Fu Manchu mustache for a Schick commercial, but for the fact that this came to \$10 a hair, based on the estimate of a local stylist that "there's about a thousand hairs in a good Fu Manchu."

Room must also be found for the million-dollar annual payroll of Arnold Palmer Enterprises and for the dozens of products that it nourishes, from Arnold Palmer dry-cleaning centers to Arnold Palmer wallpaper ("sketches of the master in action illustrating such points as hand action for short pitches"). File, too, O. J. Simpson's \$250,000 contract to promote Chevrolet cars and his fee for acting in the new TV series *Medical Center*—mere fragments of the million that his manager Chuck Barnea says he will make in 1969. And who should know better? Barnea land-

ed O.J. last winter after the all-star game in Hawaii's Hula Bowl, where, he said, "the only reason they had a sellout was on account of all the agents in the stands."

Remember Carl Yastrzemski's big year in 1967? Then you have to remember all the Big Yaz items that it aired: Big Yaz Bread Loaf, Big Yaz Cookies, Big Yaz Rainwear, Big Yaz you-name-it. Remember the Chicago Cubs of 1969? Then you know third baseman Ron Santo's packaged pizzas, a best-seller in Wrigley Field.

And don't forget the stock tables and quarterly reports. Mickey Mantle's Country Cookin', down from 15 to 7½. Broadway Joe's, currently at 5½ but fluctuating with every rumor of his retirement. Muhammad Ali's Champburger, hold-



Joe Namath (right) made \$10,000 by shaving off his Fu Manchu for a Schick TV commercial. Minnesota Twins' bald slugger Harmon Killebrew (top) appeared—with his hat on—in an ad for Head & Shoulders shampoo. O. J. Simpson (below) made his TV debut as the ailing college football hero in *Medical Center*.



ing steady at about 5. Note well the nine-month statement of Gino's, Inc., the quick-food empire of Gino Marchetti, Baltimore Colt end: sales, \$48,650,000; profits, \$3 million.

Can the sports fan manage such a feat of memory and mathematics? He can and he will. For what is happening is the consummation of two American dreams. The sports star is our god and free enterprise our religion, so the twin were bound to meet.

Tennis used to be a sport. But at Forest Hills this year, a TV interviewer asked Rod Laver if he wasn't thrilled at the probability of being the first man in tennis history to win two grand slams—the Australian, French, English and American titles. Actually no, Rod replied—the important thing was that he stood to win \$16,000. Which he did, bringing his season's take to \$106,000, a new financial record. "It was a great feeling getting over the \$100,000 mark," Rod said.

True, tennis is a better entertainment since being opened to both pros and amateurs. It's more fun to watch the best man win when all the best men are playing. But isn't it any fun to be the best man—to excel just for the sake of excelling? Are we to be told that the "One Great Scorer" is really Dun & Bradstreet? Why, a kid growing up in America today won't even want to learn a sport unless he thinks he can parlay it into a burger chain by the age of 30.

Or, preferably, 27. That's how old Ken Harrelson of the Red Sox was when he announced last April that he was quitting baseball—which he later consented not to do—rather than be traded away from Boston. It wasn't because he had bone chips or bursitis—the usual medical reasons for retiring early. It was just that he couldn't afford to leave Boston because he had so many business interests there. Sandwich shop and a golf course. Investment firm and a TV production company. Not to mention his projected nightclub, "The Hawk's Nest," and clothing store, "Harrelson's of Boston." Would a red-blooded American boy want to give all that up just to play big-league baseball? One red-blooded American boy didn't.



On TV, Tom Seaver spoofs the early days of the Mets, returning home from a game in disguise (right) so that his friends won't recognize him.



# The Maxi Cover-Up



Last summer's revolution in skirt lengths—so mini they stopped just short of perdition—has provoked a counterrevolution. Here it is in full dress, threatening to blanket the U.S. under the maxicoat. The farsighted father of the maxi was the noted pace-setter Buster Keaton (*above*), who five years ago wrapped himself in a wretched ankle-warmer to make a movie about a man hiding from the world. No one had expected girls to go to *that* length of repression. Yet here is the street-sweeping hemline, replacing the graceful swing of the mini with a strangled gait, a garment that goes up stairs with the greatest reluctance and sets bystander guffawing when it tries to get on or off a bus. Happily, there are still ways to subvert it (*next page*).







At lunchtime, New York's Fifth Avenue is swept by a phalanx of maxicoats—in canvas (*above*), tweed and wool (*opposite page*). At right, in front of Mayor John Lindsay's campaign headquarters, girls have gone one awkward step further—maxi scarves.





The co-ed above demonstrates how the untrammelled spirit can still show miniskirted legs despite maxi restrictions. With hands in pockets, force open the coat, then take long, purposeful strides into a strong wind. The New York career girl walking the maxi-hair at right paid \$58 for her wool coat. Real fur that comes to the ankle—the maxi's proper length—could have cost her thousands.





Actress Greta Thyssen (*left*) wears a lamb-trimmed maxi while walking her baby Juliette, who is too mini for a maxi—the smallest size available is for 3-year-olds. Below, three captives of fashion hike their heavy coat-skirts for the long struggle up the stairs.



## Blacklisting lingers on

The era of character assassination by blacklisting was thought to have died with the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, but it seems to be continuing an underground existence in Washington. It now turns out that Dr. Salvador Luria, one of the three Americans who won this year's Nobel Prize for medicine, is on a blacklist at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, one of several hundred scientists barred from serving as advisers to the department on the grounds of either "security" or "suitability."

Those labels include quite diverse accusations, as well as a great deal of ambiguity. But they are used to exclude a few scientists for reasons traceable to left-wing connections way back in the '30s, others to brushes with congressional committees in the '50s, or more recently anti-Vietnam activism of one sort or another. There are some 100 "advisory councils," "study sections" and "review committees" within the framework of HEW, almost none of which deals with any classified material whatsoever, or falls into any area that might be construed as being sensitive in terms of national security. HEW is not the Pentagon. As one blacklisted scientist put it, "I simply can't see the point of intensive security when reviewing work to be done on, for example, arthritis studies."

Among those said to be on a blacklist are a number of members of the National

Academy of Sciences, several deans of graduate schools, highly respected faculty members at Harvard and Columbia, Yale and Stanford. They also include:

- Scientists who have received appointments from the Atomic Energy Commission, the office of Naval Research and presidential advisory panels.
- Men who hold top-secret clearance from the Department of Defense.
- A great many who, while ineligible to help determine how the department funds are awarded, are themselves the recipients of HEW grants. Dr. Luria himself received a \$55,000 grant this year.

How has such an anachronistic system survived through three administrations? Partly through ignorance or inattention on the part of department heads, partly through lingering fear of congressional cutbacks among lower-echelon functionaries in government who reckon not on an individual's competence and judgment in a specialized field but on whether he might be an awkward witness for the department. Worst of all is the sub-rosa nature of the practice, by which a man on a blacklist never knows the charges against him, much less the identity of his accuser, and therefore has no redress.

HEW Secretary Robert Finch is not responsible for the system. However, he is obviously in the best position to change it, and we hope he will.

## Seven new deadly sins

Quickly now, what are the Seven Deadly Sins? Not only do many people not know but others who can cite all seven\* do so in the spirit of a cocktail party pedant reeling off the Twelve Tribes of Israel or the Seven Hills of Rome. No doubt about it, the Seven Deadly Sins are honored no longer, not even in the breach, and they will have to be replaced with a more contemporary set of sins.

Luckily, our times seem more adept than most at redefining vices and virtues. So there should be little difficulty compiling a new list. Judging by the amount of deploring they now receive, a current list of the Seven Deadly Sins would go like this:

Selfishness  
Intolerance  
Indifference  
Cruelty  
Violence  
Destructiveness

And—replacing Lust, of course—Prudery.

Most of the deletions are self-evident. Lust, for instance, has become as commonplace as the neighborhood newsstand or cinema. Gluttony may sometimes give a man a theological problem, but not much of a theological one. And words like Covetousness and Sloth simply seem antiquated. As for the additions, we have omitted new sins that appeal only to one segment of the population—such as Irrelevance, which would probably head the sin list of the young. Some of the young would probably also object to including Violence on the list. This minority is welcome to substitute another sin of its choice, such as Hypocrisy. There should be no youthful objections to inclusion of Destructiveness, insofar as it means destruction of the environment. Older people might opt for Hair, Noise and Inevitability.

It will be argued, no doubt, that our revised list of Deadly Sins actually perpetuates several of the old standbys under new names (Indifference for Sloth, Selfishness for Covetousness). Maybe so, but the old names are obsolescent and need changing if sin itself is to retain any contemporary moral force at all. After all, sin is a concept well worth saving.

\* Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy and Sloth.



Laurie

# *When you have a sandwich Campbell Up!*



Campbell Up is the delicious way to say fuel up! Perk up! Pep up! Soup up! Just put Campbell's Chicken with Rice next to a pea-

nut butter and jelly sandwich and you've got a hot, delicious lunch. There's a whole feast of fluffy rice and tender chicken—


all in a chicken-rich broth. Why don't you Campbell Up your favorite sandwich for lunch today? M'm! M'm! Good!





**Some Chevy Movers are as big and tough  
as anything on the road.**





# Others are just tough.

Chevy's not looking up to anybody in 1970.

The view from inside our new Titan 90 command module gives you an idea why.

Every control and gauge is positioned to make heavy-duty hauling more efficient. They're easy to reach. Easy to read. Even (and this took some extra doing) with bifocals.

And tough?

Titan 90 is truck enough to carry a GCW rating of 76,800 lbs. That tops our previous high by nearly six tons.

Now look through the windshield at the Chevy Blazer. If you think it's just another of those little runabouts, take another look.

Blazer (available with 2- or 4-wheel drive) is the one with the biggest engines. The widest track. The strongest springs and axles.

With Titan 90 or Blazer — or any Chevy Mover in between — you get the kind of truck that doesn't know when to quit.

A fact borne out by industry scrapage rates, which show Chevrolets hang in there working longer than other makes.

If you're a tough customer when it comes to trucks, the man to see is your Chevrolet dealer.

You're just the type we've got in mind when we say:

Putting you first, keeps us first.



**On the move.**



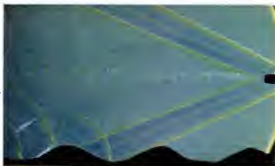
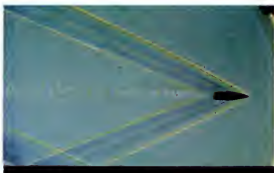
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's  
you get a lot to like.

**Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.**

# Uproar over the superboom

Outlined in tape on a hangar floor in Seattle (left), the svelte silhouette of the first U.S. supersonic transport is taking shape—and with it a new uproar over noise. Though the SST probably will not be ready to fly commercial passengers until 1978, the \$2 billion project now has the approval of President Nixon after nine months of delay and controversy within the Administration. The goal of the SST—to dramatically shorten long-distance flying—is not likely to drum up much public opposition. What critics are beginning to shout about is the 50-mile-wide trail of sonic booms the superplane will create as it streaks along at 1,800 mph. Federal officials say this won't matter because the SST will cruise at boom speed only over open water. But opponents predict that the plane will be so expensive to build and operate it will have to fly the more lucrative land routes. Then everything under its path would be raked by a series of sound-wave explosions like those shown curling over the model houses in the picture below. Booms caused by military jets have produced thousands of dollars of damage in the U.S. and have been blamed for a dozen deaths in France. Two cities, Santa Barbara, Calif. and Dearborn, Mich., and three countries have passed ordinances banning harmful or annoying booms, and in a half-dozen other nations committees of anxious, noise-conscious citizens have launched campaigns to muzzle the sonic boom.

Pictures above and at right were taken with a special camera that enables scientists to record pressure patterns like those of the SST which produce sonic booms. In these tests a bullet simulates the course of the SST. In top picture, waves bounce off flat ground and create ordinary boom. On rougher terrain (center), waves can focus, amplifying boom. In man-made structures (right), focusing can increase the sound's intensity and duration.





The most persistent U.S. critic of the sonic boom is Dr. William A. Shurcliff (right), a 60-year-old physicist from Harvard University. Head of the 2½-year-old Citizens' League Against the Sonic Boom, the largest group of its kind in the world, Shurcliff has bombarded yachtsmen, congressmen, naturalists, archaeologists, musicians and doctors with warnings against the destructive power of SSTs—and even published a 92-page sonic boom handbook, now in its fourth edition. "In a cross-country flight," he says, "you would have 10 million people hit by the booms of one plane.

It's not the loudness of them so much as the fact it's completely startling. It'll wake up sleeping people, annoy hospitals, schools, churches, everything. It'll be awesome and there'll be no escape from it for anyone." Supporters of the plane say it will provide the U.S. with new jobs and prestige and help bolster the balance of payments by outselling the SSTs now being test-flown by France and Britain in partnership and the Soviet Union. Whatever the outcome of the current superboom debate, the noise from ordinary subsonic jets already is a headache for man—and even beast.



Working out of his home in Cambridge, Mass., Dr. Shurcliff heads an anti-boom organization with 3,400 members.

## An anti-noise outfit for elephants



In Windsor, England, elephants just arrived from Thailand wear custom-fitted earmuffs to deaden the frightening sounds of low-flying jets



# Brew a haunting new taste sensation.

Hunt's new MANWICH sandwich sauce has proved absolutely irresistible to men. (Also bewitches boys, girls, and small children.)

For years women have been wondering what to do with the familiar one pound of hamburger. Now they know.

Why be a housewife when you can be a temptress?

Irresistible ingredients listed on back label.



Turns common hamburger into a tempting meal that bewitches all men.

Enough to satisfy six hearty appetites.

Get to know us and save a dime.

**This is all you do:**

Just brown a pound of ground beef, stir in Manwich, simmer, serve, and watch out!

10¢

CODE MA-0374

10¢

**SAVE  
10¢**

on Hunt's  
**MANWICH**  
Sandwich Sauce



Take this coupon to your grocer. To Grocer: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We will reimburse you 10¢ plus 3¢ for handling if it has been used in accordance with our customer offer, invoice proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown on request. Coupon is void if later prohibited, or otherwise restricted by law. Customer pays any sales tax. Cash value 1/100¢. Grocers mail coupon to: Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc., P.O. Box 1470, Clinton, Iowa 52732. Good only on Hunt's Manwich. Any other use is illegal. Store Coupon. Expires 60 days after receipt.


STORE COUPON

STORE COUPON

10¢

CODE MA-0374

10¢



On Sept. 7, 1969,  
we hid a case  
of Canadian Club  
at the heart  
of The Great  
Yukon Gold Rush.

Here's how  
you can get it.

*Overlooking the Yukon River near Dawson City.  
Photographed at midnight from the Midnight Dome, 3206 feet above the river.*

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY NORDAL IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 50.3 PROOF, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



White Pass.

The year was 1898. The place, the Yukon—the upper-left-hand corner of Canada that pushes Alaska into the Bering Sea. And men who had never heard of it were making their way there. Drowning in the rapids. Freezing in the mountains. For gold. Their dreams were heavy with it.

This was their trek: from Seattle by crowded steamers to Juneau, Alaska, 900 miles. From Juneau by boat on the Lynn Canal to the lawless, makeshift village of Skagway, 95 miles. Then, from Skagway the line of men aimed for the White Pass, ascending almost 3000 feet, then down to the beach at Lake Bennett. At Bennett they built their crude boats.

Again, by water, through Lake Bennett, past Caribou Crossing, into Tagish Lake, Marsh Lake, then into the Yukon River up to Dawson City just 250 miles from the Arctic Circle.

Thousands came. Hundreds died. A handful struck it rich.

In 1898 Canadian Club was 40 years old. It was carried across the mountains, served in the famous saloons of Dawson and paid for with gold dust.

Recently we went to the Yukon Territory. We jetted to Juneau, cruised to Skagway, followed the Trail of '98 on the White Pass and Yukon Railroad to Whitehorse, and drove on the Klondike Highway to Dawson.



1898: Miners at work on Eldorado Creek.

Dawson, and all you'll need is a little luck and the wisdom of Solomon to find it.

While you're in Dawson, you might bunk at the Flora Dora Hotel. Jack Olsen and his wife will make you feel at home. Ask him to show you his thousand-dollar nugget.

And maybe you'll eat at the Flora Dora Restaurant where Lucinda works. Her Irish brogue makes every-

thing on the menu sound beautiful.

But if you can't trek to the Yukon, there's treasure waiting for you right around home. Just stake your claim on Canadian Club at your favorite tavern or package store. Straight or on the rocks, it's worth its weight in gold.



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY  
HISMA VINYL & STONE LIMITED  
WILMINGTON, CANADA



Confluence of Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks.

You can do the same.

Then we hid our case of C.C. (this is all we'll tell you) about twenty-seven miles southeast of



Panning for gold.

A case of C.C. hidden on June 11, was discovered in August, even before we went to press. Our men walked back to the Yukon and big another. But finding this second case might be almost as hard as finding the ones we put on Australia's Great Barrier Reef and atop Mt. Kilimanjaro.

# Facts. Figures. Data. Reel after reel after reel. Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?



## It's here! 1970 Olds Cutlass Supreme, a totally new idea in elegance.

You and Cutlass Supreme, what a couple you'll make. We know because we checked it out on our computers. Here's what we found: You really go for elegant looks. *Check.* Those deep-comfort, double-padded seats—choice of buckets or bench. *Check.* That agile coil-spring ride. *Check.*

The no-draft Flo-Thru Ventilation System. *Check.* The anti-theft steering column lock. *Check.* The smoother, longer-lasting Rocket V-8 performance of Oldsmobile's exclusive new Positive Valve Rotators. *Check.* What do they do for you? They rotate the valves constantly—providing

better valve seating and perfect sealing for longer, more efficient engine operation. *Check.* And a price that will easily fit your budget. *Check. Check.* See your nearest Olds dealer soon and check out a Cutlass Supreme Escape Machine. It could be the start of something great.

### Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.

**Protects you** with energy-absorbing padded instrument panel, sideguard beams and stronger, longer-lasting bias-ply glass-belted tires, side marker lights and reflectors, anti-theft steering column. **Pampers you** with luxurious interiors, rotary glove box latch, easy-to-read instruments. **Pleases you** with Oldsmobile's famous quiet ride, responsive power, and contemporary styling.





Come back, Chessie!  
Where are you, Nipper?

# The Game of the Name

by WILLIAM  
ZINSSER

I keep losing American companies. Every week two or three more disappear, taking with them their names, their trademarks and my memories. It makes me nervous. Suddenly everybody is GAF or GAC or GCA. Or Dayco or Citgo or Armco. Or National General. National General *what*? Two adjectives and no noun. I miss the noun. I no longer know what business American businesses are in.

Remember Pittsburgh Plate Glass, the company that made plate glass in Pittsburgh? Now it's PPG Industries, presumably making ppg's. And where have you gone, Corn Products? I used to like to think of you making corn products. Now you're CPC International—unless that's somebody else—and I don't think of you at all. Or of any other company that took some commodity out of my life by burrowing into the alphabet. The shoe machinery went out of USM, the rubber out of Uniroyal. What can a man hang on to?

Is the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway really MSL Industries, Inc.? And the Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Company really A.J. Industries, Inc.? Say it ain't so! Did railroaders push west and prospectors push north to die in a desert of initials? Did founders found businesses to serve real needs that would later be hidden behind fake names? Take the American Molasses Company. I doubt if there's a man or boy who doesn't like to picture a company that's sitting around all day making molasses. Well, that picture's over. The firm

vanished, and when I found it again it was SuCrest. What's SuCrest to me, or me to SuCrest?

I don't even insist on knowing exactly what a company does—all I ask is a decent clue. I've never understood, for instance, how the Air Reduction Company makes any money reducing air, but that's evidently what it does and I think of it with fondness. Not so the National Cylinder Gas Company, which I guess made gas, or cylinder gas. Now it's Chemetron. And I'm Apathy Industries, Inc.

I first began to notice the loss of

Bound for the great corporate headquarters in the sky, Mobil's flying horse, RCA's dog Nipper and the Chesapeake & Ohio's cat Chessie have all joined the growing list of company symbols that are currently being elbowed aside by bafflingly modern designs (*next page*). Even some of the new names are a puzzle—what does TRW mean? Or GATX? Or ELTRA? And what are whalens, and why do they need to be united?

business identity and all the emotional baggage that goes with it—a sense of American history and growth and regional color—a few years ago when RCA banished Nipper, its trademark dog, and I wondered if Nipper was the only animal to get the corporate boot. Elsie the cow was still safe inside her daisy on Borden's milk-based products. But where was Chessie, the cat who used to sleep so peacefully on the Chesapeake & Ohio's Pullman trains? She always made me partial to the C.&O. Not that I wanted a cat in my berth, but the company seemed to be a friendly one. Now Chessie has all but disappeared, and my affection has lapsed.

And where did that Flying Red Horse go? Amid such extinction I'm grateful to the Mack bulldog and the Greyhound greyhound and the few human symbols that haven't been killed off, like Psyche, the White Rock girl, still perched on her rock in America's original minidress. They are relics of individuality in an age when everything

CONTINUED



That's what the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company used to say, anyhow





## Whatever you're giving him tonight, he'll enjoy it more with rice.

Rice has a way of bringing out the flavor in things. It willingly becomes part of what you mix with it. Or serve with it. Yet it retains its own unique, fluffy texture. That's why it goes with just about anything you want to serve. And you can serve it anyway you want. Au gratin. Casseroled. Creoled. Creamed. Curried. Deviled. Fried. Parsleyed. Spiced. Souffled. Now that's variety. That's rice. Ready to make any meal more interesting. More appetizing.

### Va-ri-ce-ity

For free booklet "Rice Ideas Men Like," write  
Rice Council of America, Box 22902, Houston, Texas 77027.

## Into the future with computer and dismay



METROPOLITAN LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY



CHRYSLER  
CORPORATION



CHASE MANHATTAN  
BANK



NORTH AMERICAN  
ROCKWELL CORP.



AMERICAN  
STOCK EXCHANGE



BANK OF AMERICA

#### CONTINUED

is suddenly starting to look alike.

Even Metropolitan Life's beacon, "The Light That Never Fails," failed. The bulb went out and it has been replaced by a logotype consisting of eight geometric points. John Hancock's signature has largely yielded to a JOHN HANCOCK, printed as John himself never printed it, the Bell System's bell has been progressively streamlined so that it now looks like a Nazi helmet, and M-G-M's lion has become so abstract that he looks like an inkblot test.

RCA's Nipper, of course, never had a chance of lasting through the 1960s, and his case is a perfect example of the whole vast phenomenon. Nipper had been sitting pensively in front of an old record player, his head almost inside the speaker, since RCA was a pup, and anybody who liked dogs couldn't

help liking the Radio Corporation of America, as it was then called. But meanwhile RCA grew far beyond radios and beyond America; today it makes 12,000 products, including computers, and I can see why it would want an image slightly more sophisticated than a fox terrier mooning into the horn of a wind-up Victrola.

So out went the graceful old monogram—three letters in a circle, with a bolt of lightning streaking out of the "A"—and in came an RCA so aggressively modern that one of the house computers might have hatched it. And out went Nipper except on one product, Red Seal Records, which cater to nostalgia by preserving great singers of the past, and there he sits, still listening to "His Master's Voice," still appreciated. The Caruso crowd isn't the computer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



TRANSAMERICA  
CORPORATION



AMERICAN CAN  
COMPANY



EASTERN  
AIR LINES



WEYERHAEUSER  
COMPANY



COLT  
INDUSTRIES



ASSOCIATED SPRING  
CORPORATION

LIVE THE CAREFREE ELECTRIC WAY

# Only a home with electric heat can pass every comfort test

See what we mean about the carefree comfort of electric heat? The temperature's virtually the same throughout the room, even on the floor. Even near the window. Only with electric heat can you bask in such uniform comfort. Go ahead. Live carefree with electric heat...in any home, old or new. Mobile home and apartment, too. Also consider summer comfort with electric cooling. Call your electric heating contractor or your electric light and power company. They'll show you the way to comfort.



Live the carefree way with  
**Flameless Electric Heat**



**Live Better Electrically**

Edison Electric Institute  
750 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

This Gold Medallion identifies a home where everything's electric, including the heat.



**Coca-Cola**  
TRADE-MARK ®

**It's the real**



Coke

TRADE-MARK



Real life calls for real taste.  
For the taste of your life—  
it's Coca-Cola. Here and now.

TRADE-MARK

thing. Coke.

COPYRIGHT © 1978, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "IT'S REAL" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE-NAMES WHICH APPEAR ON THE LABEL PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.



# Now. Get behind an A&C Grenadier.

They won...and he scored the winning touchdown. You couldn't be prouder. Now you can relax with an unforgettable cigar—the mild tasting A&C Grenadier. You get real flavor from the Grenadier because it has A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos. And real flavor is the reason so many men are buying so many A&C's. So get behind an A&C Grenadier. Available in light or dark wrapper, it's shown full size on the left. Or try a Panetela, a Tony or one of nine other A&C shapes and sizes.



## Antonio y Cleopatra

Back on box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



It's a long way  
from Cocoa Avenue  
to Minestrone Street



Going



Going



Gone

Ringin' changes on its familiar old symbol, Bell has moved from straight-forward meaning to pure stylization. The designs shown here were adopted in 1939, 1964 and (sob!) 1969.

### CONTINUED

crowd, and at least Nipper will never be in *that* doghouse.

But otherwise RCA has chosen to ride into the future without him, secure in having three well-known letters to cover an infinite variety of products—the envy, like IBM, of countless firms that have recently merged or diversified and are now struggling to create a new identity that the public will, if not love, at least recognize. Their efforts have had some odd results.

When Life Savers merged with Beech-Nut it became Beech-Nut Life Savers, which hardly sounded appetizing. Then it merged with E. R. Squibb & Sons to become Squibb Beech-Nut, which sounded even worse, and Life Savers disappeared. So did Squibb's sons. As a Life Saver addict, I miss my company, just as cigar fans and drug-store fans felt a sense of loss when United Cigar Stores and Whelan Drug Stores became the United Whelan Corp. What are whelans anyway, and why unite them?

But I should know better than to look for sense—or sentiment—in American business anymore. Buying other companies to form a giant conglomerate is now, as they say in Wall Street, the name of the game. There's just one catch: what's the name of the giant con-

glomerate? TRW. GATX. AVCO. ELTRA. Forget it. And who won't? Big businesses own so many other big businesses today that one product name can no longer tell their story. Even Hershey Chocolate had to change into Hershey Foods Corp. last year because it bought several companies that don't even make candy. Thirty percent of its sales, in fact, now come from such foods as macaroni, and I'll never feel quite the same when I drive through Hershey, Pa., "the town that chocolate built," especially at the intersection where Chocolate Avenue meets Cocoa Avenue. In another 10 years it will be Lasagna Avenue and Minestrone Street.

I noticed the other day that the Heinz logotype no longer says "57 Varieties." Obviously the company has diversified and now makes a thousand and 57 varieties—of what I can't even imagine. Probably the firm is up to its neck in aerospace. All I'm sure of is that one more slogan has slipped out of our lives, and my children don't know what in tarantion their grandfather is talking about when he says, "That man has more troubles than Heinz has pickles." ■



# Introducing Zenith CHROMACOLOR

A revolutionary new color television system featuring a new patented color picture tube...that outcolors...outbrightens...outdetails...and outperforms...every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor!

We would like to show you Chromacolor instead of the simulated TV picture of right. Because it is impossible to accurately reproduce the Chromacolor picture in a magazine, we invite you to visit a Zenith dealer and compare Chromacolor with any other color TV.



After years of pioneering research and development, Zenith introduces one of the biggest breakthroughs in color TV history: Chromacolor. A total system that brings you a color picture over 100% brighter, with truer colors, sharper detail, and greater contrast than any giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor.

The heart of the system is the revolutionary new Chromacolor picture tube, incorporating Zenith's patented black-surround principle. Where previous giant-screen color pictures have been made up of thousands of tiny red, green, and blue dots on a gray background, Zenith found a way to reduce the dots in size, surround them with jet black, and for the first time, fully illuminate every dot.

You'll see the difference immediately—not only greater brilliance, but dramatically new contrast, new definition, and new sharpness of detail.



Magnified drawing of ordinary color picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

## The new Chromacolor system also features Zenith's exciting Color Commander Control

Now one control simultaneously adjusts contrast, color level and brightness in proper balance to provide the most pleasing picture for any light conditions in the room.

### Plus:

**New Titan Handcrafted Color Chassis** with Zenith's exclusive solid-state Dura-Module for greater dependability.

**New RGB Color Circuitry** is more sophisticated for higher color fidelity.

**Exclusive Chromatic Brain** with the first integrated circuit ever used to produce a color TV picture.

**Exclusive Gold Video Guard Tuner** with 16-carat gold contacts for longer TV life.

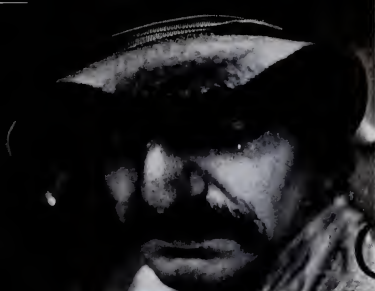
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'End of the Road' challenged the  
Hollywood system. Now  
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# A CINEMATIC ASSAULT

by Richard Meryman

More than a movie, *End of the Road* is a two-hour paroxysm—the intensely personal plea of Aram Avakian (above) against pervasive violence in America. To be released soon, it will overwhelm, horrify, mystify, antagonize—and may be the most controversial movie of the year. "Even if a lot of people may not like the film," says John Calley, Warner Brothers production chief, "you've got to recognize Aram as a virtuoso."

It is Director Avakian's first film. He is the quintessence of a newly successful breed of maverick, dropout film maker to whom Hollywood means handcuffs. Their movies—among them *Easy Rider*, *Putney Swope*, *Medium Cool*, *Last Summer*, done dirt cheap and heavily improvised outside the sway and environs of any studio—are all undiluted private visions. They possess a brutal honesty that appeals to the young people who make up two thirds of the moviegoing public. The success of such films has proved what had long been suspected: big stars, vast studios, budgets as big as the Ritz are superfluous.

The creation of *End of the Road* was totally backdoor. Max Raab of Villager dresses put up the money—less than a million dollars. It was his first feature film. Avakian till then was a top film editor. The cinematographer came out of TV commercials. The workhorse coproducer was an ex-production manager. The actors were unknowns at the time they were selected—though Stacy Keach (near left) and James Earl Jones (far left) have since reached celebrity on Broadway. The only "name" involved was novelist and scriptwriter Terry Southern, who brought Avakian in. Eventually the two collaborated on the final script.

A very private, baroque adaptation of a novel by John Barth, the plot is a far-out collage that includes a catatonic young man, a bizarre madhouse, a weird doctor, a gun-fetishist teacher and wife, black humor, adultery, pregnancy, abortion, death. The making of such a film becomes an exercise in total involvement for everyone concerned, a deep exploration of personality and craft. On the following pages, the participants describe their experience—with Avakian as the man who made it go.

# AVAKIAN:

If people don't love this film, they'll hate it.

Nobody will be neutral

If you want to be in the movie business, beware of Closet Power. Closet Power. That's one of the heavy themes in *End of the Road*: one-upmanship, ego struggle. You go walking down a corridor with what you think is the goods under your arm and suddenly closet doors are opening and slamming, and guys are jumping out and whacking you in the back of the head. That's Closet Power.

In 1961 Jack Warner gave me my "big chance"—hired me to direct *Lad: A Dog*. I wanted to make a kind of pop, camp thing that wouldn't be a complete ordeal for parents. And nobody—the assistant director, the actors—wanted anything but Dick, Jane and Doggie. They zapped me all the way.

One day Jack Warner summoned me. A 45-minute wait. Then a long walk down the long office to his desk. Another wait while he goes over some stuff. Then he looks me in the eye and says, "Achavakian, that's your name, isn't it?" I locked eyes with him for five seconds. Then I said, "No." He smiled. Then he said, "Don't be a schmuck, do it my way." Cut. Beautiful. I was fired.

"The name of the game"—that's the Hollywood theme song. You know what the game is? Spending a tremendous amount of time grinning in bars, restaurants, airports, cat houses and men's rooms—or else guys will forget about you, and that so-called accident where you get introduced to a connection won't happen. So you leave all your creative strength, your identity, in all those dark little places, in all those dark little power plays. You don't put your time and energy into your own hand and stomach and work—where you push out the limits of your craft. It all comes down to how little time you can give for the greatest personal return and how much weight a name will carry.

The studio gets together or buys a package—a producer, a scriptwriter, actors, cutter—then projects a release date, a budget and such-and-such a gross. They're the great seers. Well, Arthur Penn had just had two losers in a row, so *Bonnie and Clyde* was projected as a dumb shoot-'em-up for a second bill and drive-ins. You know that if Penn gets up in the morning, he's not making a B movie. And it took a fight to the death to keep the studio from sinking it by recutting it, just out of pure reflex. Beatty and Penn and De De Allen, the editor, were trying to do more than they were supposed to. If a lot of guys could come along and pull sleepers like that, these executives would be in real trouble.

I knew that as long as I was useful as a film cutter, everybody would keep me locked up in a closet—that's Closet Power too—editing their films. They'd never let me direct a film. So I

CONTINUED



In a scene from the film, Dorothy Tristan—as Rennie Morgan—threatens to kill herself (above). She is pregnant by Jacob Horner, a young college graduate played by Stacy Keach. Below, the two sit watching a screening of the part of the film where their affair begins.





At home, Dorothy Tristan laughs with her 9-year-old daughter Alexandra on the kitchen counter, and, below, listens to music with her husband, Director Avekian. The family favorites: Leontyne Price and Hair. Avakian's hat was given him by his camera operator in order, says Avekian, "to keep my gray matter from spilling all over the green fields of Great Barrington."



## DOROTHY TRISTAN:

A woman's power is  
in reacting to a man—  
but you can't give everything

A lot of people will hate the film. They'll think it's a desecration of the American flag—and it's just the opposite. It's a cry to the American people—a cry in the dark. I don't think it will do any good. I always felt I was the only person to play Rennie. I understand something secret about that woman. I mean, I'm not really like Rennie. I'm a feminist if anything. And here was a woman caught between two male egotists and she had an identity crisis. In fact, she had no identity. She was a pacifist in a violent culture who suddenly realized the separation of all human beings from one another—the loneliness—the impossibility of being able to fulfill one's life completely.

To me, Rennie was all wound up somehow with what's happening between men and women in this country. You see these obscene women, just housewives, with their hairdos and their makeup, their phony pumped-up bras—sex bombs, while their poor husbands are drudging away at some job. And he comes home from work and they expect him to fulfill their fantasies. It's so destructive. The women have really got to stop and think: Sure a woman can be as smart and active as a man, but once she undermines a man, then in a deep, primitive way she's lost her role as a woman.

Women have got to respect the male's superior strength. He's the aggressor. (Of course, you have to choose your men carefully because a lot are absolutely stupid brutes.) A woman's power is only in the reacting to man. But you cannot give it all. When you do, you have nothing left. You're totally vulnerable—like Rennie.

When Stacy Keach and I started to do our love scene in the film, I said, "Tell Aram to get out of here. Just tell him to get out." So Stacy

said, "Miss Tristan and I are going to make love and we'd like you to leave." Aram mumbled something about my being a big square and everything and went. "Harrumph, harrumph, for God's sake—actress—Gwang, gwang, gwang." But you know, I'm sure he was relieved.

Ordinarily Stacy is the kind of actor who makes technical choices on how to play an emotion and then carries them through very strongly. One day we were shooting the scene where I tell him that I've told my husband in detail about our making love. I broke down in the middle of it. I was sobbing and trying to say, stop, stop—and Aram of course kept the camera going. Stacy was just staring at me, staring at me, eyes big as saucers—but his face absolutely blank. I didn't know whether he thought as an actress I had blown my cool. But I didn't care. I mean, hopefully your technique is only there to support the feel of your emotions.

I had not one single woman friend on that set, and I kept my mouth shut more than I've ever done in my life. And all those guys weren't objecting at all. One night they were sitting at one table, and we'd been shooting the abortion scene for two days in a row and I got absolutely frantic and I told them off. You know: "Everyone is so cold. No one understands or cares—most of all my husband—how he could . . . you know, put me through . . . and all you guys . . ." And they looked at me like I was insane, coming in there wagging my finger at them. I scared the hell out of them.

James Earl Jones didn't move. Afterward he sat down next to me on this kind of couch on the porch and said, "Don't group me with other men." And then he stayed there beside me and just held my feet. Very quieting.



# AVAKIAN CONTINUED

quit completely as an editor. Then Terry Southern introduced me to Max Raab, who had an option on *The End of the Road*. And Dennis McGuire had written a script on speculation.

Max gave us complete creative control. No holy powers. No holy words from the top saying you can't do this. Nobody looking over my shoulder waiting to shoot me down or make a wisecrack. No producers competing with me, no chairmen of the board, no agents, no vested interests, no package deal that diverts the basic straight line of making a motion picture.

That's why I decided to deal only with New York actors who weren't stars. I didn't want anybody who might question my credentials. And 88% of the real actors in Hollywood came out of New York. I picked everybody as a person—strong-willed actors who as professionals know what's best for themselves and would do nothing to hurt themselves. I trust that, because I know they will do nothing to hurt me or my picture.

It wasn't luck that I picked James Earl Jones before *The Great White Hope* made him a big star. There were actually people saying, "Who is he? He's nobody." James Earl and my wife, Dorothy Tristan, were the two people I insisted we have. When I told Max Raab that, he said, "Your wife? Oy gevalt!" He had no idea whether she could act. It was like I was going to "take her along to the convention." I knew I could count on Dorothy to defend the feminine position in the film. And I knew she'd reached the point as an actress where she could put together all the pieces. I knew what fuel she's had to burn to do it. It cost her. It cost me too.

And James Earl—well, for the role of Doctor I had to have that aize Jimmy can give you. As a person he is hidden, very careful not to offend anybody, not to misunderstand anybody, not to be misunderstood. But underneath is gigantic feeling. Often the camera was being moved to a new angle, Jimmy would remain seated, unmoving in the scene, staying right in his character. Most actors can't wait to get up, have conversations, bitch, take a nap.

I think Jimmy knew the film was a sort of safety valve up front, that he was getting something off, a last pure act before he got into the tank with the sharks. He's very conscious that he's a mark now. He's got that appointment book. It has a life of its own, that book.

One of the sad things about the experience of the picture is that the ensemble thing I tried to create apparently could not be sustained. I always felt I was in partnership with everybody. But for a while the guys in the film felt it was a threat to them. They didn't understand the film, and as actors are in a very exposed vulnerable position. Maybe people are going to hate this film—nobody will be neutral—and maybe the actors were afraid they'll be hated.

A director should always have an agent in the cast. In terms of the secret, the meaning of the film, Dorothy, without knowing it, was my agent—a constant. In terms of the worker, Stacy Keach was my agent. I cast Stacy to play

CONTINUED



As James Earl Jones put it, "Stacy Keach made his mark playing weird old men." At left is Keach, 28, as Falstaff in *Henry IV* produced at New York's Central Park theater in 1968. At right he brandishes his 10-gallon hat as Buffalo Bill in the current Broadway success *Indians*. In the opening moments of the play Keach gallops around the stage wearing a high-spirited papier-mâché horse about his waist.



During six weeks of filming, Keach daily made the 120-mile trip from Great Barrington to New York, making up en route (left) to play Falstaff. At right, wearing his hair long for *Indians*, Keach talks with *End of the Road* Co-Producer Stephen Keaten (left) and apprentice editor Walter Rappaport after dubbing.



Under a sensa-stunning barrage of strange visual effects, Stacy Kesch (left) as Jacob Horner has a catatonic seizure during a treatment session by Doctor (James Earl Jones). Below, Keach the whirlwind—after a superhuman week of playing Peer Gynt on stage, then filming it all night—takes home his leading lady Judy Collins at dawn.



## STACY KEACH:

I'm a good case study  
as a lesson in patience

Ugly. Ugly. Ugly. That was my experience the first time I saw the film, about a month before the final cut. I was utterly defeated. Actors always want affection. And to see myself that much, so huge on the screen playing that kind of character! To my eyes there was very little to redeem... except the moments when something really worked the way you wanted in a technical way.

I remember thinking then—and still do—that Horner is really a new kind of film heavy. Horner is totally lethal because he doesn't extend himself in any situation to anybody. He attempts to play roles constantly—a child mentality. To act Horner, I had to show the dishonesty of his facades, which is a very ambitious thing for an actor to do on film because film loves to see the real.

I hate to admit it, but I probably am an external actor. It's a weakness. I've always thought a great deal about the sound of the voice, inflection of the word, movement of the body—all the external things. But I do think that on the stage, it is external technique that enables you to enlarge your interior emotion so it will project back to the last row. And I'm determined, eventually, to play all the great roles of Shakespeare.

But I did realize, after seeing rushes of *End of the Road*, that in films the camera does most of the external work for you. So lately I've been working more and more on my own inner emotional reality. But still, if I can't confront an emotion, I'll find my own way of doing it externally. To me, that's my own cop-out, you see.

With Aram there was never a moment on camera that didn't have tremendous weight, that didn't call for a tremendous exertion of energy. "Get inside. Get inside," he'd keep saying. "Get into it. Get into it more." I would get to the point where I'd say to him, "No, it's too

much. It's got to be lighter. It's got to be thrown away more." And Aram would say, "No, it would be too frivolous. Out of key."

Aram is compulsive, he's obsessive—relentless in his need to do things his way. But at the same time one of Aram's manias is always to give the actor complete freedom to do what he needs to do. Aram has this contagious love of actors, a willingness that sets up a kind of ensemble feeling.

I remember the first time Harris Yulin was on camera. We had to walk down a long hall together. Harris said, "I'm going to do something crazy." I said, "Do whatever you want, man. I'll go with it." And as we're walking along, all of a sudden Harris skips. Later I learned Avakian, outside, said, "My God, that guy's skipping. What is this? I mean, he's crazy. We're trying to make a movie and he's skipping." Then after a while he saw into Harris' vision—and he loved it. It's in the film.

I think ultimately the film editor—Aram was one of the best—is the artist of the medium. He's the man who sculpts the final work. After I saw the final print of *End of the Road*, I rushed up to Aram and threw my arms around him and kind of cried. I was just so excited. All of a sudden Horner was a representative, sympathetic character. In the editing Aram had found the performance I thought I gave.

As a neophyte in film, I'd been completely naive. Aram thinks any play for sympathy is a copout, and I'd argued a lot with him about bits of comedy he'd cut that I thought were crucial, that almost justified the terrible things Horner was involved in. So I am a very good case study as a lesson in patience. If a man you trust tells you everything is fine, believe it. No paranoia. Then everything is so much easier. If it turns out things weren't fine, there's always something else.

# AVAKIAN

CONTINUED

Jake Horner, a young man, after seeing him as Falstaff. Now that's pretty weird. We needed a running back and I could see his whole attitude was "Yeah, yeah. Just give me the ball." I thought Stacy could handle all the necessary levels of pain and give Horner a weight that could be read as malevolence. What tells me most about Stacy Keach is that he played Edmund to prepare someday for playing Lear. He's got that put away in his sock. That's being organized. He is fortunate enough to have within him energy, intelligence, ambition, hustle, ingenuity, duplicity and integrity. I think he's going to be one of the best actors in America.

Shooting the film was a ball. We found this abandoned textile factory in Great Barrington, Mass. and it became our studio—offices, wardrobe, makeup in little spots and spaces. It represented to me how we made the film: improvising from what we could get our hands on. It was completely open to be made into anything we wanted. It was like total freedom. That was part of the adventure that turned everybody on. I loved that factory. I'd like to buy that factory. I'd like to live in that factory in the back. My ideal existence is to live in the back of something—maybe because I'm an exile, like Horner.

The factory meant to me total liberation from what Hollywood does to films—from vested interest, which is real estate. In order to make deals with studios you have to use their facilities, their vested interest in material, in technicians, in bureaucracy and relatives. That becomes the making of the picture, which leaves very little money for the actual filming. Those mobile dressing rooms, trailers, trucks, back lots, sound stages are like a stone around your neck. You have to shoot a certain way because that kind of space dictates some crippled artifact of what you want.

The only set we actually built was Doctor's Progress and Advice Room, the place he does his shock therapy on patients. We built the walls out of muslin and two-by-fours. My clearest memory of the film is the day the room arrived and lay rolled up on the floor of the factory, like a sail wrapped around a mast. It was like, put up the sail and let it fly.

There is so much dishonesty between an actor and a director. An actor rejects 90% of what the director tells him—or just doesn't tune in on it. I accept this because I know it. I don't fight that fight. I go around the other way. I gave the actors everything I knew about the character and the film. Then I tried to leave them alone so the ideas could be absorbed into whatever they were devising for themselves. The specific way an actor reacts on camera at a specific moment must be his. They know why they're doing it and it will be alive. I would rather use that instead of struggling to make them justify in their minds something of mine. You never get exactly what you want. This film is never truly me. It's sort of parallel to me.

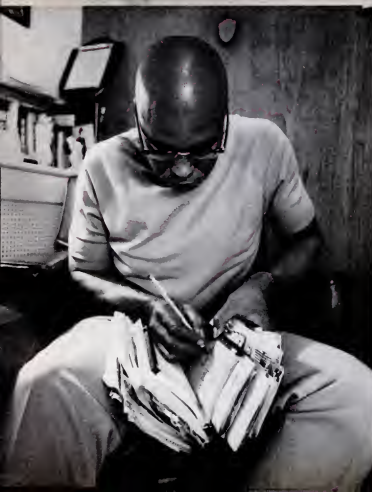
But I demand a lot on camera, if only by the intensity of my own concentration. And maybe you'll see that an actor needs just one little

CONTINUED



James Earl Jones (above) bellows "You don't know nothing, baby!" at Keach in *End of the Road*. Above, left, he salutes before going on stage in *Great White Hope*. Below, young people question him following a Toronto TV show. At right, inundated by sudden fame, Jones makes an entry in his schedule book crammed with unanswered letters.





## JAMES EARL JONES:

The whole issue of color  
becomes a fourth wall  
you bounce off of

I felt sometimes on *End of the Road* that I was sort of working blind. Not that I missed the boat as an actor. I just wasn't always sure what the boat was. I could play the role of Doctor because any good actor can play any scene you throw at him, given the motivation, the situation, the nature of the characters. And Aram's just very casual comments about the character always fell in line with the ideas I had from the novel. I remember my script was well marked up because I tried to get into the role with words, underlining the words that kept recurring, why they were on the character's mind, those particular words.

I was fascinated by the fact that Doctor was not totally rational and that he was slightly grander than life—a man who walks through a whole yard full of insane people pointing out games he has designed for them. And, of course, he was a black man, with a white patient, and he turns being black on and off whenever he needs it. I'd always wanted to play a character like that, where you know he's black, he knows he's black, but whether he makes something of it depends on the situation. The whole issue of color becomes a fourth wall that you bounce off of.

There is one impression the movie makes very strongly: when a young man graduates from a university, if he is not a strong, well-fortified warrior on some very tough cause like the S.D.S., he has got to be neurotic. I mean for a young man to live through that many assassinations, to see that much crud and chaos in the world—he can't walk out on that one. We all used to stand on middle ground, and it's sinking, it's cracking—that middle, see-nothing world America is so used to.

I took the role in *End of the Road* because I'd had a three-month vacation in Canada just being a vegetable. And I wanted to hone my tools again before going into rehearsals for *The Great White Hope* on Broadway. But *End of the Road* turned out to be something I may

never have again. I'm sure that no matter how far Stacy or I or Dorothy or Harris or Aram goes, we'll always be able to feed on this experience because we did have an extraordinarily pure experience, and we know what it can be.

There was nobody there with flags and banners, horns blaring—ego. No power people proving themselves in the wrong way. The producer didn't send up fake flares about himself, about his agonies. Everybody was straight. There was nothing off the beam.

I can't expect anything like the same maturity, the same simple purpose from 20th Century-Fox. That's a machine with a lot of lights and flashes and whistles and no movement at all. The really big corporations are basically insensitive. I mean, how can you feel through steel? An actress I know quit the movies the day that, through a simple but near-tragic accident, she realized they don't care. I had no sympathy for her. She should have known that all along.

The corporation's business is exploiting art. But when they find creativity in trouble, they think they have the solutions—going to the playwright and telling him to write in a scene, dictating dialogue, dictating readings for actors. To replace the actor in that insidious, simple way, or literally replace him, is not helpful.

On an independent film nobody's going to tolerate you as an actor taking the easy way out and just playing a type. While a studio might. Some studio publicity guy is going to say, "Well, that is going to sell anyway, so don't make him act, for Christ's sake. Let him smile a lot. Do *Great White Hope* for the next five years. We know that will sell."

You know, the more you become better as an actor, the more there's a whole hailstorm of bull. And being even better brings even more. And you end up in even more hysteria. In a funny way, getting worse as an actor, getting put-downs, is almost easier to cope with.



# AVAKIAN

CONTINUED

piece, and you can supply it. At one moment, I wanted an ironic little smile from Rennie. I simply told Dorothy, "Pick the most absurd, romantic movie you can think of." Isn't that a dumb thing? It worked. Four days later she told me the movie was *Elvira Madigan*.

In the beginning I gave Harris Yulin, playing Morgan, Rennie's husband, seven ideas for people he could make Morgan into—all pretty explicit in terms of life story—and he turned them all down. He wanted to be some romantic figure with a wine cellar and eat cheeses and go horseback riding. I turned that down. I said to myself, this is a book man. Get him to books.

I gave him a list of seven books including two small monographs on existentialism and told him to go away for a while. I said, "I don't care who you are when you come back. Just be somebody." He didn't read the books, but he came back and did some wonderful things.

Most of the time I had no idea what he planned for a scene. But when I felt, "Yes, I'm going to use that," I immediately had to figure what to do in the next scene or six scenes later so that bit would become Morgan.

The first time Harris was on camera, he's walking with Horner and he does this campy little skip. At the time, I was just irritated by it, but eventually I used it. It established the fact that Morgan is some kind of a nut, a cuckoo, I mean a teacher on campus in a Boy Scout uniform skipping down the aisle!

Pretty soon Stacy is saying to me, "You're too tough, you're brutal. Harris is scared. This is his first film." I just shrugged. I mean, it was everybody's first film. Pretty soon he and Harris are there together like the Bobbsey twins. I've lost Stacy. Harris has taken him with him. So I withdraw from Stacy. Don't give him the time of day.

The next morning we got to an absolutely key scene. Jake Horner comes to dinner at Morgan's house where they're out on the back lawn kind of banging egos. And overnight Stacy has become uptight about Harris. Stacy is sitting alone on a swing and looking straight ahead. He says to me, "I don't care if he is my friend. If he blows this scene, I'll kill him."

I put Stacy on camera first. Stacy is socking it to Harris. I was ice-cold. I would give Harris lines and say, now you may not do such-and-such—and then push him on camera. That got him so he couldn't move, and all these things are going on inside. He's got to use his face and that sneaky, sinister thing starts coming out. Stacy every once in a while would try to convince me of something, and I would just look at him with a blank face. He began getting isolated and uptight—and the tension came out very clearly in the scene. It had the effect that Horner couldn't stand Morgan from the very first. Everything which followed in the film was based on that key fact—which had not been in my mind or in the script. And these guys have no idea that this is what's going on.

I always knew the whole middle belly of the film was so soft you could drown in it. And dur-

ing the cutting there was a moment—which lasted two months—when the total structure was disaster. What's possible then, what saves you, are the things you didn't realize at the time: the unexpected things that just happened while the camera was running.

In the cutting room, shut up like some insane monk, that's the real anguish. Nobody's going to have the insights for you, nobody's going to find the original way out of the corner you've backed yourself into. And the last thing you do ends up being what the film is. I still do not know what the total impact of the film is.

I know the themes of it. I pretty much started with the title. *End of the Road*: Well, in the academic world, that's a graduation—a step off a cliff, into chaos, step into machinery with gears and keys. Then I started thinking more and more into violence. I mean, the ultimate violent act—that's the end of the road for a man's life. And that took me to Jacob Horner—that he was a potential assassin. To me Horner was a strong character who deeply understood the forces around him, and the fact that if he acted under their influence, he would kill. He would commit the final existential act: the willful assassination of the last hope of a man, or of an idea. That ripped him apart till he stood in the middle immobilized, in catatonia. Then, escaping his own violence, Horner gets into another mechanism of violence—the struggle of wills between Morgan and Rennie.

Doctor to me is the best person our society can produce: a sort of riverboat gambler who takes on the hopeless because no one else will take it on. But even he is guilty of what for a man, a man of science, is the ultimate act of violence: he makes the stupid, fundamental, inexcusable mistake of dealing with the wrong patient at the wrong time—and a death results.

So the most positive, most daring guy whacks out because he made a basic error—and we're all at the point now where the simplest error can be the most important, like dumping all that poison into the environment. That's a simple basic decision. It's the American pragmatic thing, the easy way out while you're turning a buck.

Nowadays, in order to survive, you must deal with the world as if it's absurd, or else be a banker and just raise the rate to 8½% and keep knocking the money down—if that's sanity. The average person under this barrage every day—the contradiction between hope and reality—goes in and out of lunacy. If he's totally sane, someone is going to wipe him out.

I am obsessed with my circumstances—historically where I am, the time and place. That's what keeps me going: the outrage in my stomach. What effect can I have? Well—this film: do it so there will be nothing between me and the film and who sees it.

That's what I wanted out of *End of the Road*—to do a full-scale thing where I was me. You become what you do, and that's why I've dropped out of the system, which isn't me or anybody else. I'm just trying to do the right thing in America. It's as dumb as that. God knows making a movie isn't all that important. Why get hung up on a career? It defeats the whole purpose of why you're alive. ■



In an improvised scene, Harris Yulin as Morgan plays Russian roulette with a completely empty gun.

## HARRIS YULIN:

All I had to carry me through was a mustache

I think to have a big commercial success in America you've got to have either a very strong narrative line or a very strong character sympathy. I'm not sure there's either in this film. That's what's so new about it.

Every little incident in the film was for Aram the world in microcosm. And a lot of the time when Aram was talking about a scene, it was very difficult for Stacy or Jimmy or me to understand. He'd just trip out on you—talking about being and nothingness, et cetera. And I'm saying, "Wait a minute, man. Where's the being and nothingness?"

The first day on camera—the first film acting I'd ever done—I was really nervous, very unsure of the part. About all I had to carry me through was a mustache. In the first scene I did a little skip as I walked with Stacy. It just happened, but it relaxed me a lot. And I thought, "Ah, there's one notch in the character. It's a start."

And, of course, in film acting you have to work up a relationship with Mitch—you know, the movie camera—it had this nameplate, General Mitchell Camera. That's who you're acting with—bouncing your emotions off of—and every morning I'd say, "Good morning, Mitch." And I'd sit and rap with him for a bit. He's like a very direct friend you can't put off. He has no sympathies. When you lie, he embarrasses you in front of the whole world—40 feet high.





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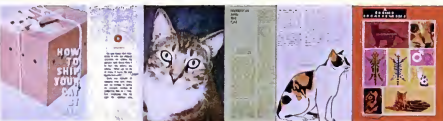
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# Waiting out the war— wife or widow?

In the apartment she shares with her daughters in Los Angeles, Pat Mearns has waited nearly three years. Her husband, Major Art Mearns, is either a prisoner of war in North Vietnam or he is dead. She has had no word of his fate since he parachuted into North Vietnam after his F-105 jet was shot down by ground fire. In previous wars, Pat would have soon learned if he were a prisoner, but the North Vietnamese have refused to make known the names of almost 500 Americans be-

lieved to be in their hands. At first Pat and other relatives of missing men endured in silence the ordeal of not knowing. Then they banded together and began badgering Capitol Hill. Pat and six others went from Washington to Paris to confront the North Vietnamese delegates at the peace talks. Last week spokesmen for the U.S. peace movement reported that Hanoi was ready to release the names and perhaps end the uncertainty of Pat Mearns—not a widow, but not quite a wife.



Pat Mearns sits at her kitchen table seeking words for the weekly letter she writes her husband in North Vietnam. Although sure he is alive, she has almost lost hope of receiving a reply.



In Los Angeles, where they moved after Art was reported missing, Pat lives with her two daughters, Frances and Missy. She stays busy with part-time nursing, church activities and night college courses. The girls are a source both of comfort and of heartbreak. Frances, 9, extrovert and incessant talker, once startled other diners at a restaurant by piping up, "When my father gets out of jail. . . ." Missy, 11, is a brooder, who climbs into her mother's bed to talk when she can't get to sleep. Pat worries about what to tell them. "I have found out what frustration is," she admits. "Frustration is me."

## Hundreds of unanswered letters to Hanoi

CONTINUED



In three years Pat Mearns has mailed hundreds of letters to her husband, addressed "in care of Hanoi Post Office." Recently she joined the National League of Families of American Prisoners to press for action. In Paris last month (*far left*), Pat and other members of the league wandered about the city for six days before the North Vietnamese received them for tea, listened impassively to their pleas for information, then assured them that they would be hearing news.



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## 'If he were gone, I would have a feeling'

You wait it out," says Pat Mearns, "and you can't make decisions. Do you go on from here? Do you dare buy a house? If Art were released, maybe he would want to do something else entirely.

"At first I read all the terrible things that happen in torture camps, the books about Siberia and about the prison camps in Korea. I went through every one of those tortures, thinking, can he stand them? I was glued to the radio and the TV, listening to any news, any inkling that maybe the war would stop. But the years go on and you don't do it anymore. You don't trust things the way you did. First they said they would have a moratorium on the bombing, but the bombing starts again. Then the peace talks actually start and the talking goes on and on and on."

Now Pat Mearns trusts only one thing, her instinctive belief that Art is alive. "I'm sure that if he were gone, I would already have a feeling. We had a kind of special relationship. Both of us could function perfectly well on our own. But

together we were so good. The thing that worries me is that the terrible pressure might make him bitter and withdrawn. I realize that he has changed, I've changed, and we haven't changed together.

"The hardest time is when I put the children to bed and I hear them pray, 'Bring Daddy home safe, sound and soon,' and I can't tell them when it will be or how it will be. I can't give them anything but uncertainty."

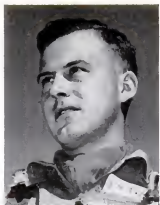
Last year, in the fifth grade, Missy wrote the following story:

"I wanted to go to the war and find my father. My giant wanted to help me. He was big enough to carry me across the ocean so we didn't have to use a plane. We went through South Vietnam. It looked scary with graves and bodies and wrecked houses all around. We went to an American hospital. I talked to them about capturing American prisoners. I climbed back on my giant. Again we started. He stepped on hundreds of North Vietnamese. He stepped on the bombs, shelters and ammuni-

tion. Finally we saw some jail camps. We captured the enemies and put all the American prisoners where I was. I asked them all to write their name. One was my father. I was glad! He was too! But I said, 'I'm going to get all the prisoners!' After we got all the American prisoners, we got about 1,000 enemies. My giant and I started to go home. We were walking on enemies without even knowing it. Finally we got home. When we got home, I was told that my giant and I won the war for America."

For a long time Pat agreed with the Pentagon's policy of silence about the missing men. "Several of Art's friends said to me that they would torture them more if we made a fuss. We were intimidated because we were afraid our husbands would be put in jeopardy.

"Friends suggested that I talk to the peace groups, but it's not my way. Those people are foreign to me. If they were really concerned with peace, they'd be more concerned about the POW issue. When they went to Hanoi, it was only to



MAJOR ART MEARNS

prove a point, that the war was of no use, that we shouldn't be there.

"You begin to feel you are a sore spot because people don't care and you are a thing to remind them that things aren't the way we all want them to be. People just don't understand. Someone once asked my mother, 'Doesn't Pat go out on dates?' Go out on dates? A friend came up to me in the street and asked me if I had heard from my husband. No, I answered, I hadn't. 'My God,' he said. 'But it's been 2½ years! You'd think he'd write.' I just smiled and said, 'Yes, I hope to hear from him.'"

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A young dean teaches  
an old-line college how to live  
with revolution and like it

# THE CAMPUS THAT KEPT ITS COOL

by BRAD DARRACH

Seton Hall University, the largest Roman Catholic diploma mill in New Jersey, is a grungy huddle of gray brick buildings surrounded by a campus that looks like a parking lot pretending to be a lawn. A creature of the archdiocese of Newark, the school is controlled by the staff of 73-year-old Archbishop Thomas A. Boland, who has been accused of racism by 20 of his own priests, and by a board of trustees that includes not a single professional educator. Two thirds of the faculty, an undergraduate says, "seems contemptuous of the student body. After class they get off the campus as fast as they can. Like maybe they're ashamed to be seen here."

The university's 11,000 students, at any rate most of them, have rarely complained. Almost all come from low-income Irish and Italian families,

have to work their way through college and are grateful for the chance to gulp down a meat-and-potatoes education in this handy (\$40 a credit) academic cafeteria. Most of them are Roman Catholic and have accepted without question the quasi-seminarian discipline maintained by the Monsignors, some of whom live in chic little flats with the walls done in red and gold. Until a few years ago prayers at bedtime were compulsory in the dormitory, and even now Catholic students require 12 credits of theology for graduation.

Seton Hall, in short, has been an educational museum exhibiting one of the less attractive traditions of Roman Catholic pedagogy: a dogmatic and authoritarian conservatism. Fond alumni insist that beneath the conservatism, like a crocus under a snowbank, a new spirit has been si-





Dean Miles and Monsignor Fleming, two main protagonists in the Seton Hall confrontation, hold a pre-crisis conference in the acting president's flat

lently struggling to grow. But to all outward appearances Seton Hall was pretty much as Father Edward McMenemie, the university chaplain, described it as the fall term began: "This is a safe school. Radicals don't get far here. The faculty doesn't like them and neither do the students. They grew up in families that hate radicals. They're part of the working-class backlash. If somebody tried to occupy a building at Seton Hall, they'd get clobbered with bedposts."

Al Miles is a chunky young chap with an Alfred E. Neuman grin, shiny-dime eyes. Shredded Wheat hairdo and a blazer that seems tailored for a round-shouldered moose. As he ambles across campus with a bouncy slouch, he looks like Bobby Morse's kid brother on his way to

choir practice. In fact, though only 29 years old, he is the new dean of students at Seton Hall: a witty and intricately intelligent scholar-politician packed with pyknic energy. Son of a Washington lawyer, he took his B.A. at Duke and spent two years with the Peace Corps in Nigeria, where he met his wife Joanne and taught Eng. Lit. at the University of Nigeria. Back home, he hustled through an M.A. in college administration at Columbia and moved on to Cornell, where for three years as assistant dean of students he waltzed with the black whirlwind and in his spare time wrote a novel about Biafra and a book about the Cornell crisis and still managed to collect the fastest Ph.D. in the university's history.

"Al is a perfect specimen of the New Breed of college administrator," says an admirer. "He's

an agent of transition, a sort of kept revolutionary. He works from within the structure but he won't just do a paint job and call it renovation. He has a whole new idea of a university and it calls for reconstruction from the bottom up."

Seton Hall is the last place in North America where you would expect to find a man as accomplished and progressive as Al Miles, but last summer he turned down several Ivy League schools and signed on as Seton Hall's first lay dean of students. Seton Hall hired him in the vague but honest recognition that some improvement would probably have to be made in student-administration relations. Miles accepted the job "because I respected the tough, practical men in charge here, but most of all because these students got to me, these honest, unsnotty, hard-working students.

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And because I saw here a chance to be all the things I can be." And so in the first week of the semester, when the docile undergraduates of Seton Hall rose in sudden and unforeseen revolt against the men who rule the school, it was Al Miles who stood in the eye of the tempest there.

What happened at Seton Hall had none of the brutal glamor of Berkeley or Columbia. Yet the events in South Orange are probably far more important to the future of higher education in this country than the redundant paramilitary rhu-rhars that have upset other campuses. "Berkeley and Columbia and Cornell and Harvard merely set the pattern of renovation in American academic life," says Sociologist Charles Ackerman of Cornell. "Sooner or later the pattern will have to be applied to several thousand ordinary colleges where little has changed since 1930 but the shape of the president's limousine."

Seton Hall is one of those colleges, and when the generations and their value systems clashed there during the opening weeks of school it seemed safe to conclude that the student revolution was starting to cut a deeper channel, that a thoroughgoing and permanent transformation of the American university had in fact begun.

Al Miles had arrived at Seton Hall on July 11, 1969 with a personal concept of what was wrong with American universities. "The students aren't far off when they tell you that American universities are institutional dinosaurs," he told a friend on campus. "They've got to adapt or die—no, face a fate worse than death: irrelevance. They're founded on a Germanic philosophy of education that too often puts ideas ahead of people and enshrines the principle of authority. The student is told what's good for him and that's that."

"The students are right—not always in the way they protest but in what they're protesting about. Many of them want to reconstruct the American university, and most of them are moderates who want to do it cooperatively. But if the universities refuse to cooperate, God knows what will happen. When it comes to student power, we haven't seen anything yet. Student energy is the motor force in the modern university, and if students pull as hard as they're pulling now, the next 10 years might advance education by a century."

Miles's job, as he saw it, was to assist that advance by persuading students, faculty and administration to pull together. Pull where? "That's up to them to hash out," Miles said curtly. "I'm nobody's Pied Piper. I'm a catalyst. If I control what happens, what happens comes and goes with my presence. It's a way of devouring people and I'm not that hungry. I just ask questions—well, sometimes leading questions. But if I do my job right, other people come up with most of the answers. And you'd be surprised. It's easier to play Socrates if you look like a teen-ager."

Looking like a teen-ager, Al Miles strolled into the office of Seton Hall's acting president, Monsignor Edward J. Fleming, soon after arriving on campus and found him wrestling with four issues that were shaping up for September: a student voice in the choice of a new president, drastic changes in the core curriculum, a proposed black studies program for the tiny minority of 150 blacks (among 4,500 full-time day students) that

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Massing in front of the administration building, students protest an official decision against allowing women to have visiting rights in men's dorms.

#### CONTINUED

Seton Hall has troubled to recruit, and most worrisome of all, the issue of "female visitation" —whether or not to allow women into the men's dorms. Impressed by his new assistant's degrees and questions, Fleming with obvious relief allowed him full authority over student affairs—except for the vexatious issue of visitation.

Encouraged by this show of confidence, Miles then introduced himself to his staff. He found them capable but demoralized. Ed Hendrickson, for instance, was trying to run a grotesquely ill-designed student building in which an undergraduate has to walk (or run) 200 yards to get from the cafeteria to the nearest washroom. And Aaron Campbell, a gifted young black psychologist who had agreed to head the dormitory staff, was so sick of aimless administration that he was set to quit. Miles persuaded him to stay on.

It was harder to talk with the priests. Most of them seemed to fear change of any kind, and their fear was stiffened by the antiradical harangues of Father James McMenemie, a sallow, contradictory figure who functions as the chancery's cat's paw on campus and as its unofficial jollyboy. On a recent occasion he blasted out pop tunes from the '40s on his saxophone while 100 nuns did a foxtrot. Failing to see his considerable relevance to the Seton Hall scene, Miles neglected to consult McMenemie, but the priest instantly saw in the new dean his natural enemy.

In contrast, the student leaders put themselves out to make Miles feel welcome. He found them yammering alive and on the verge of despair. In student government president Dennis O'Keefe

CONTINUED



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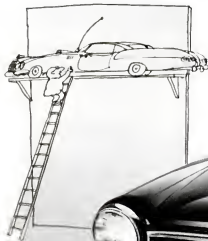
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## 'CALVARY HAS COME!' GIRGENTI GASPED

CONTINUED

and residence hall president Richard Girgenti he saw two savvy young activists who distrusted the S.D.S. even more than the Monsignors and had tried for two years with small success to win a gradual program of reform from an administration that, as far as they could see, had ears only for the chancery. After an eight-hour talkathon with the new dean, Girgenti rushed up to O'Keefe and gasped: "Calvary has come!"

"All that had really come," says Miles, "was somebody who would listen. It's a rare administrator or professor who knows how to talk to students. The old style is to do the intellectual bit, to use words to cover up what you mean. Instead of just talking like one human being to another. And young men can often do this better. They're still close to the same experiences."

The student movement rapidly became less bitter and more confident. By the middle of July, Miles and the student leaders, with Fleming's somewhat anxious consent, had developed a crash program to renovate the intellectual and social life of Seton Hall. Girgenti came up with a plan to hold classes in the dormitories: subjects and professors to be selected by the students, official credit but no grades to be given. Girgenti and Aaron Campbell rewrote the rule book for dormitory living. In the old manual there was a section seriously entitled "On the Delivery of Enforcement: The Secret Manual of Student Torture." In the new manual all police power was stripped from the graduate students who served as Resident Assistants and relocated in a student judiciary. "From now on," Aaron told the RAs, "you'll be counselors, not cops. Personal responsibility will take the place of rules. The only offense will be an offense to the rights or sensitivities of others."

During the summer, plans were also made for freshman orientation. Partly because they were busy elsewhere, partly because they wanted to show trust in the undergraduates, university officials permitted control of this program to pass into the hands of O'Keefe and Girgenti. The student leaders, with Miles's incautious support, made too much of their opportunity. Instead of giving speeches they showed two movies with a strong reformist message, Leroy Jones's *Dutchman* and Lindsay Anderson's *If*. After three days of indoctrination, the freshmen turned left so hard that O'Keefe and Girgenti scrambled to put on the brakes—too late. The freshmen caucused and unanimously voted to abrogate all administration control of dormitory life.

To the students, the resolution was an exhilarating and long-overdue declaration of independence. For the administrators, it raised that horrid specter of female visitation, the nightmare of the Monsignors on conservative Catholic campuses. But at a deeper level it challenged a tradition and authority as old as the pyramids and practically as resistant to change.

The man assigned by chance and the chancery to confront this challenge was Monsignor Fleming. Tall, tanned and forthcoming, Seton Hall's

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A few days before the Seton Hall disturbances broke out, Miles talks with student leaders O'Keefe (left) and Girgenti.

## FLEMING LONGED FOR A PEACEFUL PARISH

CONTINUED

52-year-old acting president has the charm but not the character of an old-fashioned Irish politician. Behind the wide smile and the glad hand stands a shy unworldly prelate who longs for a peaceful parish and considers himself ill prepared to be a college president. He knows Seton Hall as well as he knows his missal—he attended the school as an undergraduate and has spent most of his adult life as an administrator there—but he still feels ill at ease in intellectual surroundings. He decorates his walls with signed snapshots of the Kennedys and his conversation with Latin tags that disguise his natural simplicity and kindness. Few students are aware of these qualities in Monsignor Fleming and even fewer are aware that he is a man of ethical and religious convictions who, like many a priest, has found his function anguishing to define in the aftermath of Vatican II. Considering him a sort of ward boss in a beretta, the students assumed that his reaction to the freshman challenge was the reflex of a politician whose power has been threatened.

In fact, it was partly that. The chanery was appalled by the freshman resolution and many priests on campus panicked at the very idea of women in the dorms, but the address Monsignor Fleming delivered at the opening of school

CONTINUED

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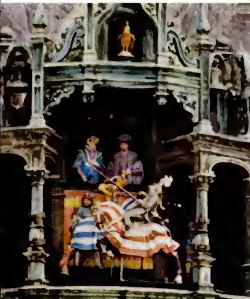
11:00 Trumpeters open the tournament.



11:03 Standard-bearers announce the knights.



11:05 The knights charge. And miss.



11:07 Second charge: the red knight loses.



11:08 Now it's the turn of the folk dancers.



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## 'NO COMPROMISE TILL HELL FREEZES'

CONTINUED

reflected mainly his own feelings. "Seton Hall has changed greatly and will change more," he said. "But set principles must guide the change, permanent values must remain. Those who would refashion Seton Hall must be confronted with real basic principles which we will not compromise till hell freezes over. If anyone sincerely believes he cannot become educated without drunken orgies, then [let him] get free of Seton Hall."

In the audience Al Miles caught his breath. Monsignor Fleming had neither asked his advice about the speech nor given him warning that it would contain some phrases many students would surely consider insulting and inflammatory.

Monsignor Fleming had not intended to insult the student body. He spoke in a spirit of innocent indignation and was stunned by the political consequences of his address. He got a letter of congratulations from New Jersey's Governor Richard Hughes, big black rabble-rousing headlines in the hard-line Newark News and a reaction on the campus that with every passing hour looked more and more like insurrection. The student reformers, who would probably have settled for less than the rights accorded to students at four out of five U.S. colleges, were suddenly joined by hundreds of conservative students in a coalition of outrage.

Fleming was accused on all sides of "committing Hayakawa," and in the first flash of anger some activists shot from the lip. But Al Miles, though shaken by his first real crisis as dean of students, managed to emanate cool. Student leaders picked it up and as the conflict developed they performed with surprising maturity. First they asked for a meeting with university officials and presented their case for student control of the dorms. When the request was again rejected, they called a mass meeting. About 1,400 undergraduates showed up (even though some of them had received threats that their scholarships might be cut off) and heard student government president O'Keefe define the issue: "It isn't girls in the dorms, it's self-determination. Do we or don't we have the right to run our private lives?"

Cautioning against violence, O'Keefe led a march on the acting president's office and demanded a confrontation. Shocked by the size and force of the protest, Monsignor Fleming was heard to mutter: "Oh, for a nice little parish in Berkeley Hills, New Jersey!" When assured of "proper respect," he agreed to face the students on the lawn—where for the next 45 minutes he endured a polite but withering interrogation.

Digging in his heels, Monsignor Fleming made a categorical declaration: "The university will not supply the facilities for immorality!" What's more, he said, any student found with a female in the dormitory "will be dismissed." He was reminded by a theology student that according to orthodox Roman theology "one cannot be virtuous if one is not given a choice." Fleming then conceded that students should of course have a voice in decisions affecting them, but only in so far as they are competent. "And who," a student

CONTINUED

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king.

## HE SAW A STAGE SET FOR TRAGEDY

CONTINUED

inquired, "is to judge who is competent?"

As the meeting ended, Fleming felt battered and the students triumphant. At the suggestion of Girgenti, they marched through the dormitories, the girls along with the boys. "as a symbol of self-regulation." Fearing an incident that in an instant could turn demonstration into revolution, Monsignor Fleming through one of his aides ordered the Resident Assistants not to enforce the rule against female visitation "until further notice." It was a temperate gesture and to some the crisis seemed to have abated. Al Miles thought otherwise.

He knew from his experience at Cornell that the stage was now set for a tragedy. With state officials, local press and public opinion marshaled behind them, the administration stood ready for a showdown with student power. The students, united for the first time, stood ready to fight back. The campus was polarized and there was every prospect of an open and even violent collision.

Al Miles wanted to avert that collision at all costs. If he could find a way to cajole the tension, he might be able to resolve, or at least relieve, the conflict. But was there actually anything he ought to do? The young man who said he was "playing Socrates" had asked the questions through the summer and the first days of school. If he was going to play the role of the catalyst to the end, he was pretty well forced to wait now—and to hope that someone, with the help of what he had been trying to teach, would come up with the right answers.

Fleming was waiting too. In the days immediately following his speech, he got hundreds of angry letters of support from parents. He was glad of the support but he felt uneasy. Prominence alarmed him and so did the continuing crisis. His hearty laugh began to sound hollow.

Undergraduates were under no less pressure. They got hundreds of angry phone calls from home, and dozens of resident students were informed by their parents that if they got involved in any student movement they would be forced to live at home. Some of the student leaders had even worse trouble. The parents of one moderate and sensible young activist got a warning phone call from their parish priest. Another no less moderate student was told by his parents that if he did not "drop his radical connections" they would refuse to pay his tuition. When his picture was printed in the *Newark News*, the same student also lost his after-school job at a local bank.

To break through on the home front, O'Keefe and his friends decided to send an explanatory letter to some 5,000 students' families. In order to get the letters written and addressed, a crowd of undergraduate volunteers worked almost till dawn in the dormitories. As the night wore on, the heat of the common effort generated a general warmth. Tension dissolved and, as sometimes happens in movements of enthusiasm, emotion surged up and overflowed. For the first time since the monsignor's speech, the student leaders felt like human beings—and all at once they remembered that, after all, Monsignor Fleming was a

CONTINUED



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Hearing is believing.

**RCA**



## IN ONE MOMENT THE BARRIERS WENT DOWN

CONTINUED

human being too. Next morning the students took the initiative that resolved the crisis. Bursting with good feeling and so confident they didn't even bother to tell Al Miles what they were up to, O'Keefe, Girgenti and three other student leaders went floating into Fleming's office with the general idea of offering him an olive branch.

"Please sit down," the monsignor said in a tight voice, and the visitors sat staring at a man they hardly recognized. The Fleming they had always seen behind that desk was an ecclesiastical smoothie who put them off with sanctimonious platitudes. The Fleming they saw now was a man physically and emotionally blown out by overstrain. His voice broke, his hand trembled and for perhaps the first time in his life he spoke to students as to equals, as to fellow human beings whose love and trust he needed. He told them simply and sincerely of his fears for his health, of his decision to refuse the presidency, of his love for Seton Hall and of the vision he held of the great good place it might some day become.

The delegation was startled and touched. The students told the monsignor that his vision was really very much like their vision and that they would work with him to make it come true. No less startled and touched, Fleming took a leap of faith and replied that in return he would support the students' right to live under laws of their own making and to have a full share with the admin-

istration and the faculty in the general governance of the university.

Just like that the absciss broke. In one moment of expansion and caring, the barriers went down, differences were dissolved, revolution turned to reconciliation. To Fleming and the students alike it seemed almost too good to be true. Seton Hall had suddenly become an exclamatory example of what might be accomplished by the politics of love.

That night Monsignor Fleming was admitted to a New Jersey hospital suffering from exhaustion and high blood pressure. Frightened of the force the student movement had shown and grateful for the moderate stance its leaders had adopted, the chancery gave orders to Father Thomas G. Fahy, Fleming's temporary replacement, to push *rapprochement* with all possible speed. Fahy instituted regular conferences with Al Miles, and things began to happen at Seton Hall.

In rapid succession the administration accepted the principle of the student judiciary, opened quiet negotiations on the female visitation issue, and announced that students would have equal representation with faculty, administration and alumni on a committee formed to search for a new president—"and that," says O'Keefe, "practically guarantees that the new president will be a layman, the first in Seton Hall's history."

Al Miles moved rapidly to exploit the break-

through and reconcile the factions. In a long frank conversation, he and Father McMenemie settled their differences. Miles satisfied McMenemie that the changes he was after could be made in an orderly way without subverting the religious side of the school. McMenemie satisfied Miles that he would cooperate in a responsible program of reform. Next day, Miles met with the priests, gave his views of what was happening at Seton Hall, addressed objections and won a unanimous vote of confidence. He then approached key members of the faculty and urged them to join students in a rap session about the plan to hold classes in the dorms. They did, and the meeting went so well that Al expects several courses to be listed for the February term.

"It's beginning to happen now," Al Miles says with a wide grin. "They're talking to each other. The administration is getting used to a dialogue. The faculty is starting to open up. There's the start of a community here and if people only don't get scared we're going to have one damn fine university. If we do, some of the credit will belong to Monsignor Fleming, but it was these students who got it started, these incredible, beautiful students. In political insight they are a match for anybody at Columbia or Cornell, and they're miles ahead in the thing that really made all this happen, the only thing that is finally going to clean up the mess on any campus—human understanding." ■

Miles and Fleming continue their dialogue during a stroll on the Seton Hall football field. "The big thing is to talk," Miles says. "The way things are on the modern campus, if you stop talking, you start fighting."





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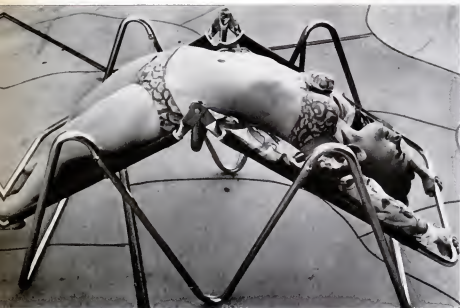
# What it takes to be a lady author anymore

Jeanne Rejaunier is a lady author, as you can plainly see—the new sort of lady author is always photographed in bed. Miss Rejaunier has written a nice dirty novel about models (she was one) in New York (where she worked), and just possibly because she smiles so prettily out of the book jacket (the back and the front of the book) *The Beauty Trap* is now in its fourth printing. Better yet, promoter Joseph E. (The Graduate) Levine bought the movie rights for \$100,000 and offered her a starring role. Still, Miss Rejaunier may not have time—she enjoys writing, she says. And publicity demands are great. Only recently she posed nude for *Playboy*.





# A Lady Author Must:



## Exercise in a bikini

Writing a minor best-seller is sedentary work, but when promoting one a lithe figure is very useful. This contraption strengthens the stomach muscles and figures of speech.



## Swim a little

Jeanne appreciates the water. She lives in a Hollywood apartment and doesn't have a pool of her own yet, but she uses one belonging to a friend whenever she wants.



## Love horses

Jeanne's first purchase with \$15,000 advance was Red Pepper (left), a chestnut gelding. She fell off last year, broke a vertebra and wore a brace for months.

## Have her own billboard

There is a special thrill, Jeanne admits, to seeing yourself on a Hollywood billboard. Now that her face is well-known, she often visits bookstores and boosts her novel's sales.



# A man has at least a few moments a day to feel as though he owned the world.

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## A Lady Author Must:

CONTINUED



### Commune with nature

There isn't an awful lot of nature to commune with in Hollywood, but Jeanne does her best with a rake and leaves, both borrowed from her apartment house. The Victorian dress is brand-new.

CONTINUED



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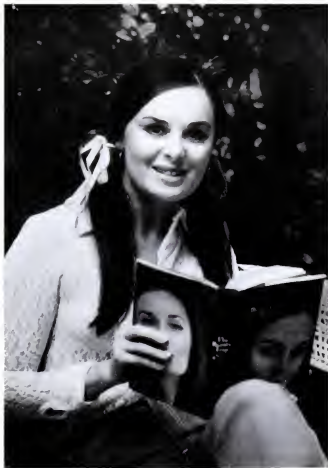
## A Lady Author Must:

CONTINUED



### Hob-nob with famous writers

One way to become a well-known author is to make friends of well-known authors, so Jeanne arranges an afternoon with literary lions Irving Wallace (left) and Henry Miller.



### Read good books

There is a difference of opinion about whether or not Jeanne put herself inside *The Beauty Trap* as a character. The publisher is responsible for putting her outside it.



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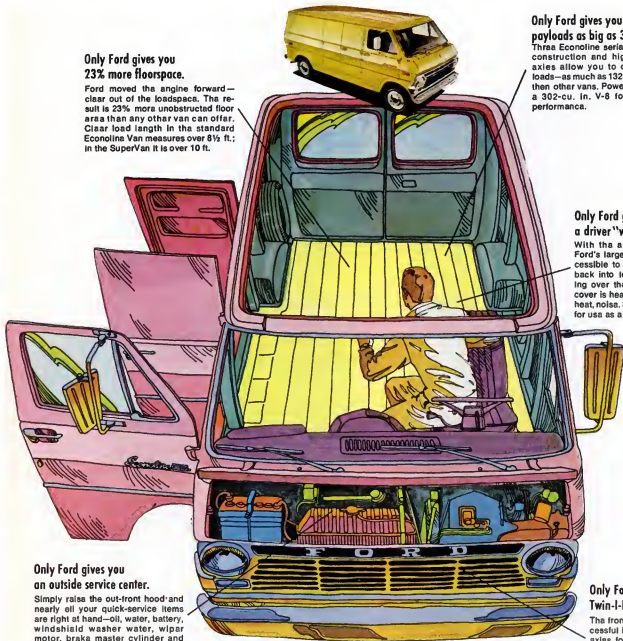
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**Weldwood paneling by U.S. Plywood**

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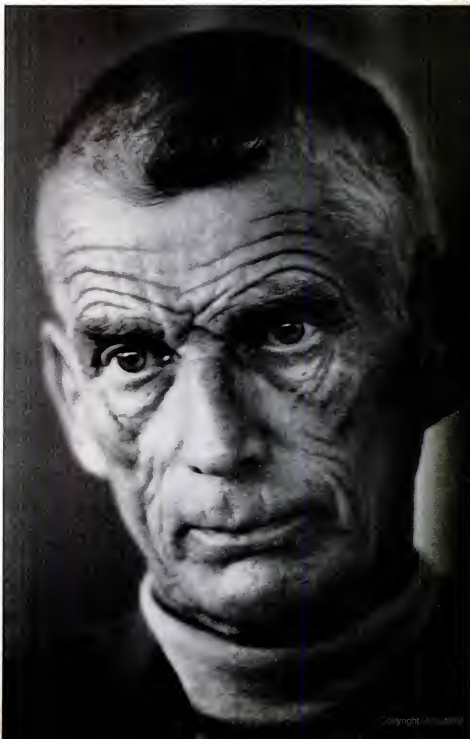
In *Endgame*, performed in London in 1957, Samuel Beckett encased two characters in ashcans.

## From ashcans, a Nobel Prize

THIS was the last thing Mr. Beckett wanted," the playwright's publisher announced last week. Samuel Beckett himself (right) had nothing to say to the world about his new \$73,000 Nobel Prize for literature. When the Irish author of *Waiting for Godot* finally appeared before the press at a Tunisian hotel where he is recovering from a lung abscess, it was for pictures only. After several minutes of pained silence, broken only by the clicking of camera shutters, a photographer finally mumbled, "Sorry to bother you." Beckett stirred himself. "That's all right," he answered. "I understand"—and lapsed into silence.

It might have been a scene out of one of Beckett's own plays, which epitomized the Theater of the Absurd. In his most successful play, which opened in Paris in 1953, Beckett set forth a vision of existence without meaning: the empty dialogue of two tramps who futilely await the arrival of Godot, who will relieve the relentless monotony of their lives. Out of these depths, said his Nobel eulogy, "the writing of Samuel Beckett rises like a misereere from all mankind."

Beckett and his wife live in Paris, in separate but connecting apartments overlooking the exercise yard of the Santé prison. In his rooms he goes on writing despite his pessimism, which extends even to the act of writing itself. "Every word," he has said, "is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness." Recently Composer Gian-Carlo Menotti approached him for a work for Italy's Spoleto festival. The play Beckett offered him was composed entirely of sighs.



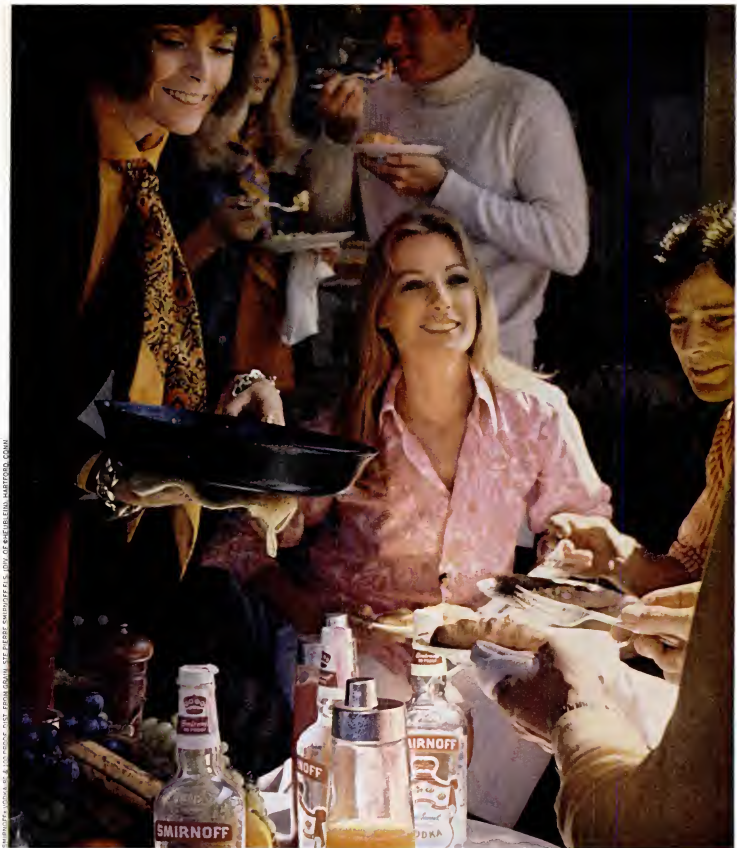
# Beckett's 'frightful experience'



In 1964 Beckett came to New York to supervise the production of his 22-minute movie *Film*, and became caught up in the excitement of moviemaking. He sipped a soft drink on the set (*above*), selected flowers for a scene (*below*) and inspected rushes (*right*). But New York City horrified him. "A frightful experience, New York!" he said. "Never again!"







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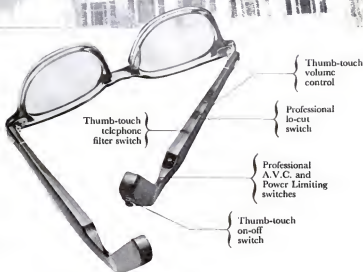
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## *A Portrait of Hilary*

*By Hilary Ball*

*This is my home in New York City. I live here when I am not living in Moscow, Greece,  
Spain, Italy and some other places I can't remember right this minute.*

*Moscow was my favorite because I knew how to speak it when I was two years old.*

*I have only been to one other American city. That is Spring Valley, New York,  
where I go to summer camp. Our family is in between being rich  
and sort-of-rich. I am seven years old, but most of the time I act eight.*

*Photographed by Marie Cosindas*

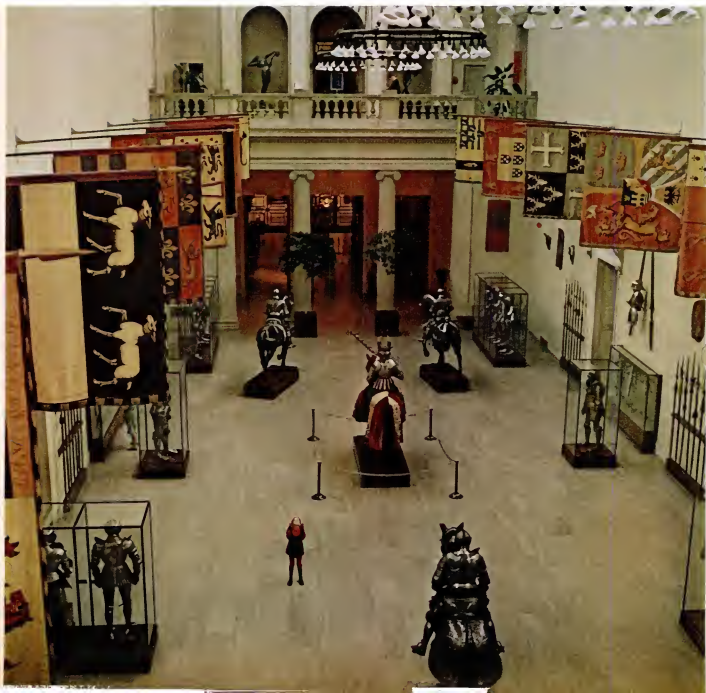


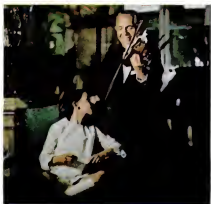
*I have toys. But I don't like them especially. I have more things to do. I go lots of places so I really don't have time even if I wanted to. I do a lot of shopping. Saks is my favorite store because my grandmother designs clothes for them. Bloomingdale's is next. I know some girls who overdress. They look silly, too grown-up. I buy for summer and winter, spring and fall. I feel like I have a hundred dresses I have so many, but only one bracelet, one necklace with a dog on it, and a very old ring I wear only to parties. They help me look my age.*

*Actually this is a very silly picture of me [below]. People just don't stand in the middle of a room and look up into the lights for no reason at all. This is inside the museum on our block where there are special rooms with nothing but horses and soldiers and rooms for statues and rooms for dead Egyptians. I can do a perfect pose of a mummy. You should not run around wild. You should just look and don't touch*



*anything. I don't think you can really learn anything but it is all very colorful. I think it is good for you sometimes to see things that are bigger than you. You can also be very tired afterwards. I know. There are some lady statues upstairs in the museum who all look like they have headaches from holding up things. They are very, very old. It doesn't really look like I have a headache. But that's what I am trying to look like. Pretty silly.*





*This is one of my favorite restaurants. It is Japanese. I have been using chopsticks for as long as I can remember. I always order sashimi. I am with my father. My father and I talk about many things, nothing really special. Once when my mother was sick, he had already paid for tickets to the Romeo and Juliet ballet, so he took me instead. We had dinner together. He wore a black tie and it was very nice and I was out until midnight. I go to the Plaza mostly for cocktails. It's an afternoon thing to do. This is the way to eat a dessert. It is a strawberry tart, which is my passion. I ate it with a Shirley Temple. Lovely!*



*I go to ballet once a week for what seems like 1,000 minutes. It is very hard work. I am good enough to be dancing with nine- and 10-year-olds, but I am not any better than they are. You can learn a lot, though, even if you don't go into the movies. You can laugh, but the right time is when you stop doing something and before you go on to something else. Afterwards, I am too tired to eat anything but a light dinner—pizza and Coke is very good—and watch television.*







*When you come to New York City, please remember the following advice from me:*

- 1) Do not be sloppy in restaurants.
- 2) Watch what you say in other countries like New York.
- 3) Do not be rude in your school.
- 4) If anyone asks you to come over, say yes, if you can. I mean don't say no to everybody's invitation
- 5) If you need to go somewhere, don't just walk around, go ask somebody where you need to go.

- 6) You must watch what you're saying to the cab driver because you'll be thrown out of the cab.
- 7) It is hard living in New York because there is so much to remember and not all girls should try it. You have to like New York first, don't just come here and try it.
- 8) If you see me in the park or the museum, come up and introduce yourself. I usually only introduce myself to people I already know just for practice. I say, "Hello, my name's Hilary. What's yours?"

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Anxious Beatle fans felt they had found ominous signs of misfortune for Paul McCartney on the jacket to the *Sgt. Pepper* album, recorded in 1967. A hand raised over McCart-

ney's head suggested to them an Eastern death symbol, and they brooded darkly over the fact that on the back of the album jacket Paul was the only Beatle not facing the camera.

# The Magical McCartney Mystery

by JOHN NEARY

With an apparent superabundance of clues solidly in hand and firmly on the record, the mere fact that the subject of one of the most intensive manhunts in recent history modestly declared that he, himself, had not yet learned of his death cast hardly a pall on the exhilaration of the chase.

Thousands and thousands of distraught Beatle fans were anxiously weighing the "evidence" and concluding that some mishap had befallen Beatle Paul McCartney. He had died. Or something. They figured.

There was plenty to go on. Investigators had spent hours over the past few weeks studying Beatle record album jackets with the meticulous scrutiny of CIA photo-interpreters microscoping aeries of enemy missile sites. They had spiraled down the grooves of every Beatle record ever cut, speeding them up from 33 to 45 rpm, to 78, slowing them to 16—even taping them and then reversing the tapes, analyzing stereo recordings track by track. There could be no doubt about it, they concluded. "I mean, it's all right there," pronounced Louis Yager, president of the Is Paul McCartney Dead Society at Hofstra University.

On the album jackets there appeared to be a welter of perplexing symbols, ranging from the hand over Paul's head on the *Sgt. Pepper* cover to such oddments as the walrus costume on *Magical Mystery Tour*, the black carnation Paul

CONTINUED

is wandering

it's matter if  
ht  
m right

ound they, you, you  
why they don't

e for a number of things  
ortant yesterday

here the rain gets in  
d from wandering

ng at five o'clock

bedroom door  
hat she hoped would

to the kitchen  
lkerchief

he is free,  
most of our lives

er everything  
could have

after living alone

Side Two

WITHIN AND WITHOUT YOU  
We were talking—about the space  
between us

And the people—who hide themselves  
behind a screen of illusion

Never glimpse the truth—can't hear  
us

We were talking—about the love we all  
could share—when we find it

To try our best to hold it there, with  
our love

With our love—we could save the world  
—if they only knew

Try to realise it's all within yourself  
no one else can make you change

And to see you're only one small  
part of life flows on within you and without you

We were talking—about the love that's  
gone so cold and the people

Who gain the world and lose their soul  
they don't know—they can't see—are  
you one of them?

When you've seen beyond yourself—  
then you may find, peace of mind, is  
waiting there—

And the time will come when you see  
we're all one, and life flows on within  
you and without you

George Harrison

Oh, lovely Rita met  
Where would I be wi  
Give us a wink and r

GOOD MORNING, GOOD  
Nothing to do to save  
Nothing to say but w  
your boy-brother

Nothing to do it's up  
I've got something to sa  
Good morning, good  
Going to work don't

low down

Heading for home ye  
then you're in town

Everybody knows th  
Everything is closed  
Everyone you see is  
And you're one of

Good morning, good  
After a while you sta  
feel cool

Then you decide to t  
old school

Nothing had change  
I've got nothing to  
Good morning, good

Peace of mind is wait  
Everywhere in town  
Everyone you see is

It's time for tea and  
somebody needs to



On the album cover of *Magical Mystery Tour*, fans thought they had further proof of Paul's demise: they identified him as the black walrus (foreground), a folk symbol of death.

Marching across the back cover of their latest album, *Abbey Road*, the Beatles looked—to some followers—like a funeral procession, in which McCartney is a barefooted corpse.



CONTINUED

wears in the same album (the other Beatles are wearing red ones), the funeral procession that is on the back of *Abbey Road* and the photo inside the *Mystery Tour* album, where Paul sits in military uniform, above a large sign stating, "I was."

This all seemed somewhat circumstantial, even conjectural, but buttressing the findings was some startling aural evidence. Deep down in the grooves at the very end of the song *Strawberry Fields*, on the *Magical Mystery Tour* album, investigators had discovered a voice eerily like John Lennon's saying, "I buried Paul." It was even clearer at 45 rpm. Then, in what is called the "white" album—the one labeled simply *The Beatles*—there is a nine-minute montage of sounds, *Revolution No. 9*. In it a man's voice intones repeatedly, "Number nine, number nine." McCartney's name has nine letters in it. Moreover, if this intonation is taped and then played in reverse, a quite different voice will be heard

to say, "Turn me on, dead man, turn me on, dead man."

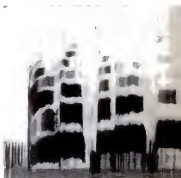
Then, if the whole band of *Revolution No. 9* is reversed, the horrifying sounds of a traffic accident, a bad one, too, emerge: a collision, crackling flames, a voice crying, "Get me out, get me out!" If the piece is taped stereophonically and then reversed, this is what is heard on one of the four tracks: "He hit a pole! We better get him to see a surgeon. [Scream.] So anyhow, he went to see a dentist instead. They gave him a pair of teeth that weren't any good at all so—[A car horn blares.] My wings are broken and so is my hair. I'm not in the mood for words. [Gurgling, battle sounds.] Find the night watchman. A fine natural imbalance. Must have got it in the shoulder blades."

Not even the ordinarily blank grooves between the song hands escaped scrutiny. In one such "empty" track, on side two of the white album, between *I'm So Tired* and *Blackbird*, a sleuth over at radio station WNEW in New York



The "O.P.D." patch adorning the uniform Paul wears in the *Sgt. Pepper* photo alarmed fans who thought it meant "officially pronounced dead" in London police jargon.

Dr. Henry M. Truby of the University of Miami found Sonagrams of Paul singing *Hey, Jude* (far right) of last year suspiciously different from the phrase "all my troubles" from *Yesterday*, done earlier. Could there have been more than one "McCartney"?







discovered some moaning. When the moaning is reversed, one can hear John Lennon declaring, "Paul is dead. Miss him. Miss him. Miss him."

Finally, of course, a large number of investigators went right to the core of the conundrum and called the Beatles' firm in London, Apple, Ltd. There, a flabbergasted Derek Taylor, the Beatles' agent, released a statement from Paul. He was, Taylor said, off in the country with his family, but he had sent word back that "If I were dead, I'd be the last to know." That sounded reassuringly like the old Paul. As for the voice in *Strawberry fields*, claims Taylor, it is saying, "I'm very bored," not "I buried Paul." That was as far as Taylor would go. The Beatles didn't expect people to go around reversing their records. He did admit that putting stuff in there in reverse was just the sort of something that shy John Lennon might have done.

Ringo, called into consultation, was brisk. "It's a load of old crap,"

he said. Anyway, Ringo said, it was John Lennon, not Paul, wearing the walrus suit.

Investigators were not convinced. The lyrics of Paul's own songs furnish other deadly clues. On *Revolver*, Paul sings, "I was alone, I took a ride, I didn't know what I would find there, another road..." And in *A Day in the Life* he refers to a man who "blew his mind out in a car." Surely these are additional references to a fatal car accident! Noting a license plate on the Volkswagen in the *Abbey Road* cover, Louis Yager placed an overseas call to that number in London, awakening an elderly lady who, in terms somewhat like Ringo's, declined comment. Undaunted, Yager and his group reevaluated their investigation. "We originally thought he was dead. But we decided that was too emotional. We all ought to sit back and analyze this rationally."

Meantime, Paul McCartney himself delivered his own analysis (right). ■



A month ago Paul and Linda looked undead

## 'I want to live in peace'

LIFE London Correspondent Dorothy Bacon waded through a bog in Scotland to reach Paul McCartney's secluded farm and get this comment from him:

It is all bloody stupid, I picked up that O.P.D. badge in Canada. It was a police badge. Perhaps it means Ontario Police Department or something. I was wearing a black flower because they ran out of red ones. It is John, not me, dressed in black on the cover and inside of *Magical Mystery Tour*. On *Abbey Road* we were wearing our ordinary clothes. I was walking barefoot because it was a hot day. The Volkswagen just happened to be parked there.

Perhaps the rumor started because I haven't been much in the press lately. I have done enough press for a lifetime and I don't have anything to say these days. I am happy to be with my family and I will work when I work. I was switched on for 10 years and I never switched off. Now I am switching off whenever I can. I would rather be a little less famous these days.

I would rather do what I began by doing, which was making music. We make good music and we want to go on making good music. But the Beatle thing is over. It has been exploded, partly by what we have done and partly by other people. We are individuals, all different. John married Yoko, I married Linda. We didn't marry the same girl. The people who are making up these rumors should look to themselves a little more. There is not enough time in life. They should worry about themselves instead of worrying whether I am dead or not.

What I have to say is all in the music. If I want to say anything I write a song. Can you spread it around that I am just an ordinary person and want to live in peace? We have to go now, we have two children at home.

CONTINUED





Perched on the bumper of their Land-Rover at their remote Scottish farm, the McCartney family—Paul, wife Linda, Linda's daughter Heather and 2-month-old Mary McCartney—posed for a picture to reassure Paul's fans of his well-being.

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